Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1758 and is the oldest newspaper in America. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States with the exception of the Boston News Letter, which was a British newspaper, the oldest printed in the English language. It ran twice as many years as Isaiah Thomas' Massachusetts Spy, which was started without a single subscriber and published for months free to every household in Boston and other places, the limited space being all sufficient to give valuable to book buyers.

$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. Single copies, 3 cents. Entered at the Post Office at Newport, R. I., as second class matter. Special rates to regular advertisers by agreement. Job printing of all kinds, including pamphlets, posters, etc., executed at the shortest notice and reasonable rates. Subscribers will confer a favor by reporting any irregularity in the delivery of their copies. Complaints should be made at the office of publication, Thames street, or to the Postmaster.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the matter of gates on the walk at Easton's Beach was taken up again, but the matter was finally allowed to go over for another week, as Alderman Lehy had not had a chance to familiarize himself with the situation. The matter was called up by Alderman Kirby who urged that his motion to notify the lessees to remove the gates be passed. Alderman Lehy spoke in favor of allowing the gates to remain as a protection to the people who visit the Beach, and City Solicitor Sullivan was again called upon for a ruling. He said that the board had a perfect right either to order the removal of the gates or to allow them to remain, but would not say that he advised the city to remove the gates if the Association refused to take them down. No vote was taken, the matter being allowed to go over for another week.

Considerable routine business was transacted, including the approval of bills and payrolls and the granting of a number of licenses for the sale of liquors, etc. It was voted to instruct the street commissioner to place two granite curbs on Elliott place if he has money enough to do it.

Perry Memorial.

The names of all those who fought with Perry on Lake Erie will be cut in tablets on the monument being erected on Put-in-Bay, and the list of the killed and wounded will be placed in the monument in bronze. This list is taken from the Newport MERCURY of October 2, 1813, which was the first paper to publish such a list. The correctness of the names then published was certified to by Commodore Perry himself and also by Purser Hambleton of the fleet. The monument which is being erected in Lake Erie is now about three quarters done. The granite shaft has reached the height of nearly 40 feet and can be seen for many miles. When completed it can be seen from Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo and Sandusky.

To-day will be prize day at St. George's School, when prizes and diplomas are awarded to the pupils. This is the big day of the year at the school, and many parents of the boys are in Newport for the occasion. A special number of The Dragon, the monthly magazine of the school, has been published at the Mercury Office, containing many illustrations of school life. The same, the school annual, has also been published at this office, and is now being delivered.

The Bishop Edward W. Higbee is in New Hampshire, N. H., to attend the closing exercises of the New Hampton Institution, of which he is an alumnus.

Many decorations are going up for the centennial of Washington Commandery next week.

William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R.

Regent—Mrs. Harry A. Titus.
First Regent—Mrs. Harvey J. Locke.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. William [illegible].
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. John [illegible].
Registrar—Mrs. Noah H. Sanborn.
Historian—Mrs. George H. Rigby.
Treasurer—Mrs. Alexander J. Wall.
Executive Board—Mrs. John P. [illegible], Mrs. C. Edward Parsons, Mrs. Herbert L. Marsh, Mrs. David [illegible], Mrs. Harry H. Lawton, Mrs. Louis F. Dennis.
Auditing Committee—Miss Elizabeth [illegible], Mrs. Susan Swinburne.
Chairman of Program Committee—Mrs. Edward L. Brown.
Putting Committee—Mrs. Frank W. [illegible], Mrs. Walter C. Gale.

Commandery Centennial

Three Days' Observance of this Event Begins To-morrow—Church Service, Ladies' Night and Impressive Street Parade will be the Features of the Celebration.

The celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of Washington Commandery next week will be a noteworthy event in the history of this old organization. A committee has been at work on the plans for many months and has been able to raise sufficient funds by subscription and otherwise to provide a celebration that will long be remembered. The celebration will extend over three days, beginning on Sunday afternoon when a special service will be held at Trinity Church, continuing on Monday evening with a Ladies' Night in Masonic Hall, and concluding in a blaze of glory on Tuesday, when all the Commanderies of this part of the jurisdiction will be the guests of Washington Commandery for the day.

The people of Newport are taking a great interest in the celebration, which means a great deal to Newport as well as to the members of the Commandery. Already decorations are going up in the business section, and by the day of the big parade the houses and places of business along the route of march will be well decorated. The visitors will be men of prominence in their communities, and the people of Newport appreciate the fact that it will be desirable to have the city present her best appearance on that day.

The Sir Knights are ordered to assemble at the Asylum in the Masonic Temple on Sunday afternoon at 3.15 p. m., and they will march from there to Trinity Church, where Rev. Sir Stanley C. Hughes will deliver a special sermon appropriate to the occasion. Em. Sir Robert S. Burlingame will deliver a short historical address, which will undoubtedly prove of vast interest to every member of the Commandery.

On Monday evening, June 15th, the Commandery will give a ladies' night in Masonic Hall. For this entertainment, the committee has engaged the Meistersingers, of Boston, comprising the Harvard, Schubert and Webber Quartets, with Ada Phillips as reader and Walter H. Lewis as pianist. An excellent programme has been prepared, including several numbers especially arranged for the Meistersingers. This organization will hold the stage until 10 p. m., when dancing will be enjoyed to music by the Alpha Orchestra. A collation will be served during the evening, the Chapter room having been reserved for this purpose. The ball programme includes 22 dances, and it is expected that the affair will last until 3 a. m.

The big feature of the celebration, which will appeal to the public will be the big parade on Tuesday. The Sir Knights are ordered in at 10 a. m. at the Asylum, in full Templar costume. Soon after that hour the visiting commanderies will begin to arrive, the Providence, Pawtucket and Woonsocket Commanderies coming down by special boat, and the Westerly Commandery coming over on a special boat from Wickford. The Commanderies from Fall River and New Bedford will have a special train on the Consolidated road. Each Commandery will have a band of music, there being seven bands in line for the parade.

The column will form at 10.30 a. m. on Washington square with the right resting at the State House. Washington, St. John's and Calvary Commanderies will form on the square, and the others on Meeting and Charles streets, with right resting on the Square. The carriages, containing the Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and other distinguished guests, will take position on Broadway, right resting on Mann avenue, from which position the Grand Commandery will review the column.

The line will be made up as follows:

Platoon of Police.
Marshal, Sir Herbert Bliss.
Chief of Staff Sir Willis C. Metcalf.
Aids, Sir E. F. Lyons, Sir A. H. Nash, Sir A. E. White, Sir H. R. Peckham, Sir Ray Morgan, Sir Stanley Swift.
U. S. Training Station Band.
Washington Commandery, No. 4, Em. J. Irving Stanley, Commander, Sir H. S. Hoxie, Generalissimo, Sir Karl Bostel, Captain General.
Providence Temple Band.
St. John's Commandery, No. 1, of Providence, William L. Phillips, E. C., Arthur S. Vaughan, G. Captain, James H. Thornton, C. G.
1st Coast Artillery Band.
Calvary Commandery, No. 3, Providence, L. N. Greene, E. C., Joseph Lawton, G. Captain, E. A. Chase, C. G.
Harrisoff Band.
Godfrey Commandery, No. 15, of New Bedford, Charles A. Comb, E. C., Stanley Swift, G. Captain, L. Humphrey, C. G.
2nd Coast Artillery Band.
Woonsocket Commandery, No. 24, of Woonsocket, C. G. Wheelock, E. C., Fred W. Nelson, G. Frank J. Price, C. G.
Grotto Band.
Godfrey de Bouillon Commandery, No. 25, of Fall River, William H. Beattie, E. C., Charles N. Bourn, G. Captain, A. Cullen, C. G.
Weaver Band.
Newport and Narragansett Bay Commandery, No. 17, of Westerly, A. S. Sykes, Jr., E. C., Arthur N. Nash, G. Captain, Lewis Stanton, C. G.

Other Commanderies in the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island will also be represented, and Rev. Sir Stanley C. Hughes, Grand Prelate, and Em. Sir Robert S. Burlingame, Grand Junior Warden, will be present.

The column will move at 11 a. m. over the following route: Broadway, Powel avenue, Hope street, Rhode Island avenue, Kay street, Bellevue avenue to Berkeley street and countermarch to Pelham street, Spring street, Franklin street, Thames street to Washington square.

At the completion of the march cars will be taken for the Beach, the Commanderies remaining in column and taking cars in order of march. On arrival at the Beach, the column will be reformed, a photograph taken, and then marched to the Dance Hall where uniforms will be laid aside. Commanderies will then be marched to the Convention Hall and be formed "en masse" facing the platform for a short address by Rt. Em. Sir William W. Johnson, Grand Commander. After the address Commanderies will march to the dining hall, where a certain section has been reserved for each Commandery.

After dinner, all Sir Knights will assemble at the flagstaff when the "Assembly" is sounded, bands massed, to render Washington Commandery's Centennial song, "Washington, my Washington," by Em. Sir Robert S. Burlingame.

After the exercises at the Beach, cars will be taken for Bellevue avenue, where the column will be reformed, and with bands massed the march will be taken up for boats and train.

This will conclude the festivities of the occasion. The committee have arranged a very ambitious programme, but one which they believe can be carried out. If the weather is good the celebration on Tuesday should be a notable one, that will long be remembered, not only in Newport but also by those visiting Sir Knights who become the guests of old Washington for the day.

Music at the Beach.

That the music at the Beach is to be of considerable importance developed this morning when two Jewett pianos were put on exhibition in Barnéy's windows.

The instruments were built on special order, as not only a durable piano was desired, but one of great tone quality was also necessary for this Association. The beauty of the unusual finish of the cases is attracting much attention.

The increasing popularity of the Jewett piano in this city is evidenced by this display.

Two gentlemen met in this office a few days ago whose combined ages are 182 years: Admiral Luce, who is the father of the Naval Training Station and War College now in his 88th year, and Mr. Ara Hildreth who will be 94 years old next August. Both men are remarkable men for persons of their age, and both have lead very active lives. Both have done their full share in making the world better for their having lived in it for so many years.

Mr. Charles T. Griffith, purser on the P. & O. S. S. Co., is visiting his brother, Mr. Edward Griffith, in this city. Mr. Griffith has been running during the past winter to Nassau, and says that during the spring he saw some of the roughest weather he ever encountered.

The graduating exercises of the public schools of Newport will be held next week, those of the Grammar classes on Thursday afternoon, and the Rogers High School Friday morning. The exercises will take place in the assembly hall of the Rogers High School.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Rollins Morse will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thornton Wilson during the season. The Morse residence, "Villarosa," was sold last fall to Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin, who have made extensive alterations and improvements.

Officer Freeborn Coggeshall added more laurels to his already excellent record Monday afternoon when he had a desperate struggle with a runaway horse that had made a spectacular dash through Thames street at the busiest shopping hour.

Mr. C. Edwin Silcox, who preached his first sermon at the United Congregational Church last Sunday morning, will be ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor of the church on Wednesday next.

Mrs. Clara E. Dennis of Portsmouth is seriously ill at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. Conway. Mrs. Dennis is well known in Newport, being a member of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R.

The weather of the past few days has been decidedly more like summer than anything that has preceded them. But even so, it is hard to imagine the heat prostrations in the cities.

Dr. William P. Buffum, Jr., is recuperating from his recent severe illness at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Buffum.

Bishop Perry of Rhode Island has been nominated for one of the board of overseers of Harvard College. The Bishop is of the class of 1892.

Mr. Theophilus Topham has resumed his duties as Truant Officer, after having been confined to his home by illness for some time.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening when considerable business was transacted, including the adoption of a new curriculum providing for only eight grades below the High School instead of nine grades as at present. Teachers were elected for the ensuing year, and much miscellaneous business was transacted. Dr. Porter was elected chairman pro-tem.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for four weeks ending May 22, 1914, was 3845, the average belonging 3151.6, the average daily attending 2987.5, the per cent. of attendance 92.2, cases of tardiness 326, and the cases of dismissal 80. The total enrollment (3845) is an increase of 13 over last month, of 259 over last September, and of 59 over last June. In the Townsend Industrial School 1239 pupils were enrolled.

Board of Health.

Since the report of last month 5 cases of scarlet fever, 3 of diphtheria and 72 of measles have been reported to this office. Of the 80 cases, 41 were in the public schools and they caused the exclusion of 12 pupils who belonged to the same family or lived in the same house.

Attendance.

One evidence of the efficiency of a system of schools is the number of pupils who remain after the compulsory age of 14 years. By the census of January, 96.7 per cent. of the 14-year-olds and 87.9 per cent. of the 15 are in public, parochial or private schools. If any children of these two ages are at work they must have labor certificates. In addition, 60.8 per cent. of the 16-year-olds and 46.8 per cent. of the 17-year olds are in schools. This is very satisfactory, but it is possible to raise this per cent. by offering greater opportunities in grades VII and VIII—provided grade IX is eliminated.

Boston has made a canvass of the two ages, 14 and 15, and finds that 70.4 per cent. are in school. Newport's corresponding per cent. is 92.7. The lack, however, of industrial temptations in Newport must be remembered in considering the difference of 22 per cent.

Grade IX.

At this time of the school year it is customary to ask of the pupils of grade IX whether they intend to enter the Rogers next September and also what vocation they prefer. The results are both entertaining and instructive. Of the 194 who answered 173 hope to enter the Rogers, or 89 per cent. From past experience it will be safe to assume that at least 160 will enter. In addition there are 40 in other schools of the city and in Jamestown, Middletown and Portsmouth who hope to enter. Therefore the entering class may be 175. More than a half of this number expect to go after graduation from the Rogers to some higher institution of learning.

The preference of vocation is illustrative of the times. For the boys 23 different lines of work are covered and for the girls 19, provided all teachers are classified under one head. The lists are as follows:

Boys—Civil engineer, electrician, navy, machinist, civil service, carpenter, architect, stenographer-typewriter, violinist, army, base-ball, bookkeeper, druggist, farmer, forester, lawyer, physician, plumber, banking, bricklayer, draughtsmen, furniture business, nurseryman.

Girls—Teachers, stenographer-typewriter, private secretary, designer, bookkeeper, dressmaker, trained nurse, milliner, china painting, housekeeper, clerk, hair dresser-manicurist, lawyer, librarian, Salvation Army, settlement work.

These are the ambitions of youth, but four years in the Rogers may greatly alter the point of view.

The report of Truant Officer Topham, for two months, contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 270; number of cases of truancy (public 25, parochial 10,) 35; number out for illness and other causes, 235; number of different children truants, 33; number found not attending school, 6; number sent to public schools, 3; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number of certificates issued (14-15) years, 2; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, 5.

April 30 a boy who was on probation for larceny was surrendered for being an habitual school offender and for truancy and was sentenced to the Sockanosset School during his minority. The case was appealed to the superior court. As he is now living in Providence, sentence was deferred.

A number of changes in text books, recommended by the Committee were adopted. The report of the committee regarding a change in curriculum was then discussed and was finally adopted, as follows:

First—That, in accordance with the custom of practically the whole country, an eight-grade system for the elementary schools shall be established, by eliminating the ninth grade.

Second—That, for the school year 1914-1915, the children now in the kindergartens who have attended at least two thirds of the session be promoted to grade I, but no other children shall enter grade I until they are six years old. This age is the standard for eight-grade systems.

Third—That, after the opening of schools next September, the pupils of the elementary schools shall be divided in each room into at least two divisions, so that semi-annual promotions may be made as soon as the school accommodations permit.

Fourth—That the superintendent shall be authorized to arrange for a gradual change in the curriculum and in the grades so that a beginning may be made next September—with the understanding, however, that the reorganization will probably require two years.

Fifth—That next September the entering class of the Rogers be offered a course of six periods (with a diploma value of three points) in household arts. The intent is that in September, 1915, this course shall be extended to the next higher grade.

Sixth—That the new building to replace the Clarke School shall be planned for manual work and household arts for the higher grammar grades. The accommodations in the Townsend Industrial are insufficient to meet the present demands and when the same opportunites are offered the girls in the Rogers that are now given the boys the accommodations will be even more limited.

After some discussion permission was given for the opening of a summer school for deficient pupils in the Coddington building, and Mr. Campbell was also given permission to hold his summer school as usual. Mr. Cozzens presented the regular monthly report of the finance committee. There was some talk about the recent ruling of the city solicitor regarding the sale of city property, and the sub-committee is to find out if it can sell an old boiler.

The calendar for next year was adopted as follows:

First term, September 14-November 20.

Second term, November 23-February 5.

Third term, February 8-April 23.

Fourth term, April 23-June 25.

The following dates are out for vacations and other causes: October 12, Columbus day; the day of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction; Thanksgiving, November 26 and 27; Christmas vacation, December 24 at noon to January 3; Easter vacation, April 2-11; Decoration day, May 30.

The retiring members of the trustees of the Teachers' Retirement Fund—T. P. Peckham, Rev. E. H. Porter and Miss Anna Hunter—were re-elected.

The report of the committee on teachers was adopted as read. There are no changes and the regular increases in salaries are provided for.

Superior Court.

This week's session of the Superior Court has been a busy one with several jury trials. On Monday Louis Andriesse stood trial on the indictment against him for making and passing a worthless check. Jacob Mirman, who cashed the check, was one of the principal witnesses for the State. Defendant claimed that the check was postdated, and that it was given more as an "I O U" than a check. The jury found him not guilty.

On Tuesday the Block Island case of C. C. Ball vs. Henry K. Littlefield was heard by a jury. This was a case of trespass and ejectment, it being claimed that part of a building owned by defendant was above mean low water and therefore encroached on the property of plaintiff. The case occupied a large part of two days and the jury found that the defendant was "not guilty."

The next case was Charles J. Barrie vs. Edward B. McLean, the plaintiff having been manager of defendant's show stables for a time. He claimed that a month's wages and a share of the prize money won by the stable were due him. Many witnesses were called on both sides, and Thursday afternoon the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for one month's wages with interest.

Thursday afternoon the case of Zilpha E. Downing vs. Ray B. and Dorothea C. Tallman was put on. This was a case to compel defendants to hear part of the expenses of the estate of Lorenzo D. Tallman, all being beneficiaries. Friday morning, a motion of counsel for defendants, a non-suit was ordered.

The Old Stone Mill.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MERCURY—

In your issue of May the 30th an article appeared in reference to the Old Stone Mill copied from the Providence Journal, the ideas of the Poet-Holmes have really converted the Journal, however we think the truth will stand as long as the theories of the Journal. We quote from the will of Benedict-Arnold who built the Mill; said will probated Dec. 24, 1677 "I give to my wife for life the house and two acres of land bought of William Haviland and the 90 acres bought of William Vaughan also certain lands with Mansion and Stone Wind Mill and after her death, said farm and Stone Wind Mill to daughter Freelove." He furthermore states in his will, "I desire that my body shall be buried at the North East corner of a parcel of ground containing three rods square in or near the line or path from my dwelling house to my Stone Wind Mill in the town of Newport."

His daughter, Freelove married Edward Pelham. April 18, 1682, unto them was born Edward, Thomas, Elizabeth and Penelope possibly under some real estate transfer of Edward Pelham further reference to their Stone Wind Mill might be made. It has long been the opinion that the tower of the Mill was blown off in some gale, the great arms would necessarily loosen the masonary and hence it was not advisable to rebuild.

JEFFREY W. POTTER.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels will pay a visit to Newport on July 6th, when he will inspect the War College and other naval departments here.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Rev. A. B. Christy of Providence, state superintendent of the Rhode Island Anti Saloon League, spoke on Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church before a large congregation. Literature pertaining to the work was distributed at the close of the service and a generous amount in money and pledges was received. On Sunday next, at 2.45, a special program arranged by the choir and Sunday School will be given, entitled, "The Childrens' Hour."

Mr. and Mrs. Millard F. Smith will entertain this week, the Epworth League Cottage service at their home on Paradise avenue. Rev. E. E. Wells, will present the subject, "How God uses fully prepared men."

Rev. John B. Diman will be the preacher Sunday morning at the 11 o'clock service at St. Columba's Chapel, the occasion being the closing service for the students of St. George's School. Last Sunday the congregation was so large that extra chairs were required.

The program for the Prize Day exercises at St. George's School will include the graduating exercises in the Auchincloss Gymnasium at 11.30 a. m. and presentation of prizes and diplomas by Bishop Perry. Luncheon in King Hall at 1 p. m. Baseball game, at 3 p. m., School versus Old Boys; Tennis; Finals for School championships at 4.30. Supper for the School and Graduates. Speeches and Singing at 6.30. Members of the School Committee and the teachers are among the invited guests.

During the illness of Rev. F. W. Goodman, who is in the Newport Hospital, Rev. John Cornell of New York, who recently arrived at his summer home near Lawton's Valley, supplied at the church of the Holy Cross on Sunday last. Mr. Goodman is progressing favourably and he is in hopes of being able to return to St. Mary's rectory next week.

The Oliphant Club picnic, which had been appointed for this week, has been postponed until Friday of next week, June 19, and will be held at Newport Beach. Miss Charlotte A. Chase and Mrs. Elbert Sisson were appointed a refreshment committee by the president.

St. Columba's Guild will hold a strawberry supper on Monday evening at the Berkeley Parish House, Mrs. Ida Calvert in charge.

The June meeting of the Women's Auxiliary was held on Wednesday afternoon at Holy Cross Guild House the president, Mrs. Elbert Sisson, in charge. The rector, Rev. F. W. Goodman, who always takes an active part in these gatherings, was keenly missed and it was voted to send him an expression of sympathy in his illness. At the close of the business session, Mrs. E. A. Peckham read by request, "Christian Lives in China," China being the study-subject chosen for the year. The speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. Howard Hoppin of Providence, president of the diocesan branch of the Women's Auxiliary, was introduced by Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester the first vice-president, and gave a comprehensive address.

Rev. Latta Griswold and Rev. John B. Diman conducted, on Wednesday afternoon, an unusual committal service in the churchyard of St. Columba's, Chapel, five boxes being lowered in one huge grave in the Sturtevant lot, south of the chapel. The bodies had been placed some fifty years ago in the vault under St. Paul's Church, Boston, and the present Board of Health having required the clearance of this receptacle, the Boston Church is standing responsible for the transfer. The Eugene Sturtevant family are donating the ground as the deceased were members of the Howard family within their family line several generations back. The group comprised four adults and a child and were laid side by side. Only the immediate family were present at the interment, a large family stone will be placed over the spot.

Newport County Pomona Grange is expecting a rousing meeting at Whittridge Hall, Stone Bridge, on Tuesday next, when the members will be entertained by Nanaquaket Grange at an afternoon and evening session. The bronze shield membership trophy, cast by Reed and Barton, Taunton, will be seen for the first time, and a large class of candidates is expected to receive the 5th or, Pomona degree. Mrs. Richard Jackson Barker, of Tiverton, will conduct the lecturer's hour. Supper will be served.

Wild strawberries have been gathered the past week. A few of the cultivated berries are ripening. Steady and warmer weather would advance them rapidly.

The closing meeting of the School Committee will be held Monday evening. The school year ends June 19. Graduating exercises at the Oliphant grammar will be held on the afternoon of the closing day.

Next Sunday afternoon there will be a large crowd at the Beach to witness the Flag Day exercises under the auspices of Newport Lodge of Elks. The exercises will be open to the public and will be of an impressive nature. There will be an orchestra in attendance, with a double quartet, and a chorus of 50 voices. The patriotic address will be by Judge Jeremiah P. Mahoney of this city, and there will also be an address on "Elkdom" by Assistant District Attorney E. M. Sullivan of Boston.

The committee from the representative council, appointed to consider the advisability of re-organizing the fire department, went to Springfield on Tuesday, and returned in a very enthusiastic frame of mind over what they saw there. Next month the committee will go to Boston to see the tests of some new apparatus coming in for that city.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS," "THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

CHAPTER V.

The journey to Fortuna is a scant fifty miles by measure, but within these eight kilometers there is a lapse of centuries in standards. As Bud and De Lancey rode out of battle scarred Agua Negra they traveled a good road, well worn by the Mexican wood-wagons that hauled in mesquit from the hills. Then, as they left the town and the wood roads scattered, the highway changed by degrees to a broad trail, dug deep by the feet of pack-animals and marked but lightly with wheels. It followed along the railroad, cutting over hills and down through gulches, and by evening they were in the heart of Old Mexico.

Here were men in sandals and women barefoot; chickens tied up by the legs outside of brush jacales; long-nosed hogs, grunting fiercely as they skirmished for food; and half-naked children, staring like startled rabbits at the strangers.

The smell of garlic and fresh-roasting coffee was in the air as they drew into town for the night, and their room was an adobe chamber with tile floor and iron bars across the windows. Riding south the next day they met vaqueros, mounted on wiry mustangs, who saluted them gravely, taking no shame for their primitive wooden saddle-trees and pommels as broad as soup-plates.

As they left the broad plain and clambered up over the back of a mountain they passed Indian houses, brush-built and thatched with long, coarse grasses, and by the fires the women ground corn on stone metates as their ancestors had done before the fall. For in Mexico there are two peoples, the Spaniards and the natives, and the Indians still remember the days when they were free.

It was through such a land that Phil and Hooker rode on their gallant ponies, leading a pack-animal well loaded with supplies from the north, and as the people gazed from their miserable hovels and saw their outfit they wondered at their wealth.

But if they were moved to envy, the bulk of a heavy pistol, showing through the swell of each coat, discouraged them from going farther; and the cold, searching look of the tall cowboy as he ambled past stayed in their memory long after the pleasant "Adios!" of De Lancey had been forgotten.

Americans were scarce in those days, and what few came by were riding to the north. How bold, then, must this big man be who rode in front—and certainly he had some great reward before him to risk such a horse among the rovoltosos! So reasoned the simple-minded natives of the mountains, gazing in admiration at Copper Bottom, and for that look in their eyes Bud returned his forbidding stare.

There is something about a good horse that fascinates the average Mexican—perhaps because they breed the finest themselves and are in a position to judge—but Hooker had developed a romantic attachment for his trim little chestnut mount and he resented their wide-eyed gapings as a lover resents glances at his lady. This, and a frontier education, rendered him short-spoken and gruff with the paisanos and it was left to the cavalier De Lancey to do the courtesies of the road.

As the second day wore on they dipped down into a rocky canyon, with huge cliffs of red and yellow sandstone glowing in the slanting sun, and soon they broke out into a narrow valley, well wooded with sycamores and mesquits and giant hackberry trees.

The shrill toots of a dummy engine came suddenly from down below and a mantle of black smoke rose majestically against the sky—then, at a turn of the trail, they topped the last hill and Fortuna lay before them.

In that one moment they were set back again fifty miles—clear back across the line—for Fortuna was American, from the power-house on the creek bank to the mammoth concentrator on the hill.

All the buildings were of stone, square and uniform. First a central plaza, flanked with offices and warehouses; then behind them barracks and lodging houses and trim cottages in orderly rows; and over across the canyon loomed the huge bulk of the mill and the concentrator with its aerial tramway and endless row of gliding buckets.

Only on the lower hills, where the rough country rock cropped up and nature was at its worst, only there did the real Mexico creep in and assert itself in a crude huddle of half-Indian huts; the dwellings of the care-free natives.

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed De Lancey, surveying the scene with an appraising eye, "this doesn't look very much like Mexico—or a revolution, either!"

"No, it don't," admitted Bud; "everything running full blast, too. Look at that ore train coming around the hill!"

"Gee, what a burg!" raved Phil; "say, there's some class to this—what? If I mistake not, we'll be able to find a few congenial spirits here to help us spend our money. Talk about a company town! I'll bet you their barroom is full of Americans. There's the corral down below—let's ride by and leave our horses and see what's the price of drinks. They can't fence me whatever it is—we doubled our money at the line."

Financially considered they had done just that—for, for every American dollar in their pockets they could get two that were just as good, except for the picture on the side. This in itself was a great inducement for a ready spender and, finding good company at the Fortuna hotel bar, Phil bought five dollars' worth of drinks, threw down a five-dollar bill, and got back five dollars—Mex.

The proprietor, a large and jovial boniface, pulled off his fiscal miracle with the greatest good humor and then, having invited them to partake of a very exquisite mixture of his own invention, propped himself upon his elbows across the bar and inquired with an ingenuous smile:

"Well, which away are you boys traveling, if I may ask?"

"Which Way Are You Boys Traveling?"

"Oh, down below a ways," answered De Lancey, who always constituted himself the board of strategy. "Just rambling around a little—how's the country around here now?"

"Oh, quiet, quiet!" assured their host. "These Mexicans don't like the cold weather much—they would freeze you know, if it was not for that zarape which they wind about them so!"

He made a motion as of a native wrapping his entire wardrobe about his neck and smiled, and De Lancey knew that he was no Mexican. And yet that soft "which away" of his betrayed a Spanish tongue.

"Ah, excuse me," he said, taking quick advantage of his guess, "but from the way you pronounce that word 'zarape' I take it that you speak Spanish."

"No one better," replied the host, smiling pleasantly at being taken at his true worth, "since I was born in the city of Burgos, where they speak the true Castilian. It is a different language, believe me, from this bastard Mexican tongue. And do you speak Spanish also?" he inquired, falling back into the staccato of Castile.

"No indeed!" protested De Lancey in a very creditable imitation; "nothing but a little Mexican, to get along with the natives. My friend and I are mining men, passing through the country, and we speak the best we can. How is this district here for work along our line?"

"None better!" cried the Spaniard, shaking his finger emphatically. "It is of the best, and, believe me, my friend, we should be glad to have you stop with us. The country down below is a little dangerous—not now, perhaps, but later, when the warm weather comes on.

"But in Fortuna—no! Here we are on the railroad; the camp is controlled by Americans; and because so many have left the country the Mexicans will sell their prospects cheap.

"Then again, if you develop a mine near by, it will be very easy to sell it—and if you wish to work it, that is easy, too. I am only the proprietor of the hotel, but if you can use my poor services in any way I shall be very happy to please you. A room? One of the best! And if you stay a week or more I will give you the lowest rate."

They passed up the winding stairs and down a long corridor, at the end of which the proprietor showed them into a room, throwing open the outer doors and shutters to let them see the view from the window.

"Here is a little balcony," he said, stepping outside, "where you can sit and look down on the plaza. We have the band and music when the weather is fine, and you can watch the pretty girls from here. But you have been in Mexico—you know all that!" And he gave Phil a roguish dig.

"Bien, my frien', I am glad to meet you—" He held out his hand in welcome and De Lancey gave his in return. "My name," he continued, "is Juan de Dios Brachamonte y Escalon; but with these Americans that does not go, as you say, so in general they call me Don Juan.

"There is something about that name—I do not know—that makes the college boys laugh. Perhaps it is that poet, Byron, who wrote so scandalously about us Spaniards, but certainly he knew nothing of our language, for he rhymes Don Juan with 'new one' and 'true one!' Still, I read part of that poem and it is, in places, very interesting—yes, very interesting—but 'Don Joo-an!' Hah!"

He threw up his hand in despair and De Lancey broke into a jollying laugh.

"Well, Don Juan," he cried, "I'm glad to meet you. My name is Philip De Lancey and my partner here is Mr. Hooker. Shake hands with him, Don Juan de Dios! But certainly a man so devoutly named could never descend to reading much of Don Joo-an!"

"Ah, no," protested Don Juan, rolling his dark eyes and smiling rakishly, "not much—only the most interesting passages!"

He saluted and disappeared in a roar of laughter, and De Lancey turned triumphantly on his companion, a self-satisfied smile upon his lips.

"Aha!" he said; "you see? That's what five dollars' worth of booze will do in opening up the way. Here's our old friend Don Juan willing, nay, anxious, to help us all he can—he sees I'm a live wire and wants to keep me around. Pretty soon we'll get him feeling good and he'll tell us all he knows. Don't you never try to make me sign the pledge again, brother—a few shots just gets my intellect to working right and I'm crafty as a fox.

"Did you notice that coup I made—asking him if he was a Spaniard? There's nothing in the world makes a Spaniard so mad as to take him for a Mexican—on the other hand, nothing makes him your friend for life like recognizing him for a blue-blooded Castilian. Now maybe our old friend Don Juan has got a few drops of Moorish blood in his veins—to put it politely, but—" he raised his tenor voice and improvised—

"Jest because my hair is curly
Dat's no reason to call me 'shine!'"

"No," agreed Bud, feeling cautiously of the walls, "and just because you're happy is no reason for singing so loud, neither. These here partitions are made of inch boards, covered with paper—do you get that? Well, then, considering who's probably listening, it strikes me that Mr. Brachamonte is the real thing in Spanish gentleman; and I've heard that all genuwine Spaniards have their hair curly, jest like a—huh?"

But De Lancey, made suddenly aware of his indiscretion, was making all kinds of exaggerated signs for silence, and Bud stopped with a slow, good-natured smile.

"S-s-st!" hissed De Lancey, touching his finger to his lips; "don't say it—somebody might hear you!"

"All right," agreed Bud; "and don't you say it, either. I hate to knock, Phil," he added, "but sometimes I think the old man was right when he said you talk too much."

"Pest!" chided De Lancey, shaking his finger like a Mexican. Tiptoeing softly over to Bud, he whispered in his ear: "S-s-st, I can hear the feller in the next room—shaving himself!"

Feeling Cautiously of the Walls.

Laughing heartily at this joke, they went down stairs for supper.

CHAPTER VI.

If the Eagle Tail mine had been located in Arizona—or even farther down in Old Mexico—the method of jumping the claim would have been delightfully simple.

The title had lapsed, and the land had reverted to the government—all it needed in Arizona was a new set of monuments, a location notice at the discovery shaft, a pick and shovel thrown into the hole, and a few legal formalities.

But in Mexico it is different. Not that the legal formalities are lacking—far from it—but the whole theory of mines and mining is different. In Mexico a mining title is, in a way, a lease, a concession from the general government giving the concessionnaire the right to work a certain piece of ground and to hold it as long as he pays a mining tax of three dollars an acre per year.

But no final papers or patents are ever issued, the possession of the surface of the ground does not go with the right to mine beneath it, and in certain parts of Mexico no foreigner can hold title to either mines or land.

A prohibited or frontier zone, eighty kilometers in width, lies along the international boundary line, and in that neutral zone no foreigner can denounce a mining claim and no foreign corporation can acquire a title to one. The Eagle Tail was just inside the zone.

But—there is always a "but" when you go to a good lawyer—while for purposes of war and national safety foreigners are not allowed to hold land along the line, they are at perfect liberty to hold stock in Mexican corporations owning property within the prohibited zone; and—here is where the graft comes in—they may even hold title in their own name if they first obtain express permission from the chief executive of the republic.

Not having any drag with the chief executive, and not caring to risk their title to the whims of succeeding administrations, Hooker and De Lancey, upon the advice of a mining lawyer in Gadsden, had organized themselves into the Eagle Tail Mining company, under the laws of the republic of Mexico, with headquarters at Agua Negra. It was their plan to get some Mexican to locate the mine for them and then, for a consideration, transfer it to the company.

The one weak spot in this scheme was the Mexican. By trusting Aragon, Henry Kruger had not only lost title to his mine, but he had been outlawed from the republic. And now he had bestowed upon Hooker and De Lancey the task of finding an honest Mexican, and keeping him honest until he made the transfer.

While the papers were being made out there might be a great many temptations placed before that Mexican—either to keep the property for himself or to hold out for a bigger reward than had been specified. After his experience with the aristocratic Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios, Kruger was in favor of taking a chance on the lower classes. He had therefore recommended to them one Cruz Mendez, a wood vender whom he had known and befriended, as the man to play the part.

Cruz Mendez, according to Kruger, was hard-working, sober and honest—for a Mexican. He was also simple-minded and easy to handle, and was the particular man who had sent word that the Eagle Tail had at last been abandoned. And also he was easy to pick out, being a little, one-eyed man and going by the name of "El Tuerto."

So, in pursuance of their policy of playing a waiting game, Hooker and De Lancey hung around the hotel for several days, listening to the gossip of Don Juan de Dios and watching for one-eyed men with prospects to sell.

In Sonora he is a poor and unimaginative man indeed who has not at least one lost mine or "prospecto" to sell; and prosperous-looking strangers, riding through the country, are often beckoned aside by half-naked paisanos, eager to show them the gold mines of the Spanish padres for a hundred dollars Mex.

It was only a matter of time, they thought, until Cruz Mendez would hunt them up and try to sell them the Eagle Tail; and it was their intention reluctantly to close the bargain with him, for a specified sum, and then stake him to the denouncement fees and gain possession of the mine.

As this was a commonplace in the district—no Mexican having capital enough to work a claim and no American having the right to locate one—it was a very natural and inconspicuous way of jumping Senor Aragon y Tres Palacios' abandoned claim. If they discovered the lead immediately afterward it would pass for a case of fool's luck, or at least so they hoped, and, riding out a little each day and sitting on the hotel porch with Don Juan the rest of the time, they waited until patience seemed no longer a virtue.

"Don Juan," said De Lancey, taking up the probe at last, "I had a Mexican working for me when we were over in the Sierras—one of your real, old-time workers that had never been spoiled by an education—and he was always talking about 'La Fortuna.' I guess this was the place he meant, but it doesn't look like it—according to him it was a Mexican town. Maybe he's around here now—his name was Mendez."

"Jose Maria Mendez?" inquired Don Juan, who was a living directory of the place. "Ricardo? Pancho? Cruz?"

"Cruz!" cried De Lancey; "that was it!"

"He lives down the river a couple of miles," said Don Juan; "down at Old Fortuna."

"Old Fortuna!" repeated Phil. "I didn't know there was such a place."

"Why, my gracious!" exclaimed Don Juan de Dios, scandalized by such ignorance. "Do you mean to say you have been here three days and never heard about Fortuna Vieja? Why, this isn't Fortuna! This is an American mining camp—the old town is down below.

"That's where this man Aragon, the big Mexican of the country, has his ranch and store. Spanish? Him? No, indeed—mitad! He is half Spanish and half Yaqui Indian, but his wife is a pure Spaniard—one of the few in the country. Her father was from Madrid and she is a Villanueva—a very beautiful woman in her day, with golden hair and the presence of a queen!

"No, not Irish! My goodness, you Americans think that everybody with red hair is Irish! Why, the most beautiful women in Madrid have chestnut hair as soft as the fur of a dormouse. It is the old Castilian hair, and they are proud of it. The Senora Aragon married beneath her station—it was in the City of Mexico, and she did not know that he was an Indian—but she is a very nice lady for all that and never omits to bow to me when she comes up to take the train. I remember one time—"

"Does Cruz Mendez work for him?" interjected De Lancey desperately.

"No, indeed!" answered Don Juan patiently; "he packs in wood from the hills—but as I was saying—" and from that he went on to tell of the unfailing courtesy of the Senora Aragon to a gentleman whom, whatever his present station might be, she recognized as a member of one of the oldest families in Castile.

De Lancey did not press his inquiries any further, but the next morning, instead of riding back into the hills, he and Bud turned their faces down the canyon to seek out the elusive Mendez. They had, of course, been acting a part for Don Juan, since Kruger had described Old Fortuna and the Senor Aragon with great minuteness.

And now, in the guise of innocent strangers, they rode on down the river, past the concentrator with its multiple tanks, its gliding trainway and mountains of tailings, through the village of Indian houses stuck like dagonts against the barren hill—then along a river bed that oozed with sicklings until they came in sight of the town.

La Fortuna was an old town, yet not as old as its name, since two Fortunas before it had been washed away by cloudbursts and replaced by newer dwellings. The settlement itself was some four hundred years old, dating back to the days of the Spanish conquistadores, when it yielded up many muleloads of gold.

The present town was built a little up from the river in the lee of a great ridge of rocks thrust down from the hill and well calculated to turn aside a glut of waters. It was a comfortable huddle of whitewashed adobe buildings set on both sides of a narrow and irregular road—the great trail that led down to the hot country and was worn deep by the pack-trains of centuries.

On the lower side was the simple store and cantina of Don Cipriano, where the thirsty arrieros could get a drink and buy a panocha of sugar without getting down from their mounts. Behind the store were the pole corrals and adobe warehouses and the quarters of the peons, and across the road was the mescal still, where, in huge copper retort and worm, the fiery liquor was distilled from the sugar-laden heads of Yucca.

This was the town, but the most important building—set back in the shade of mighty cottonwoods and pleasantly aloof from the road—was the residence of Senor Aragon. It was this, in fact, which held the undivided attention of De Lancey as they rode quietly through the village, for he had become accustomed from a long experience in the tropics to look for something elusive, graceful and feminine in houses set back in a garden. Nothing stirred, however, and having good reason to avoid Don Cipriano, they jogged steadily on their way.

"Some house!" observed Phil, with a last hopeful look over his shoulder.

"Uh," assented Bud, as they came to a fork in the road. "Say," he continued, "let's turn off on this trail. Lot of burro tracks going out—expect it's our friend, Mr. Mendez."

"All right," said De Lancey absently; "wonder where old Aragon keeps that bee-utiful daughter of his—the one Don Joo-an was telling about. Have to stop on the way back and sample the old man's mescal."

"Nothing doing!" countered Hooker instantly. "Now you heard what I told you—there's two things you leave alone for sixty days—booze and women. After we clinch our title you can get as gay as you please."

"Oo-ee!" piped Phil, "hear the boy talk!" But he said no more of wine and women, for he knew how they do complicate life.

They rode to the east now, following the long, flat footprints of the burros, and by all the landmarks Bud saw that they were heading straight for the old Eagle Tail mine. At Old Fortuna the river turns west and at the same time four canyons came in from the east and south. Of these they had taken the first to the north and it was leading them past all the old workings that Kruger had spoken about. In fact, they were almost at the mine when Hooker swung down suddenly from his horse and motioned Phil to follow.

"There's some burros coming," he said, glancing back significantly; and when the pack-train came by, each animal piled high with broken wood, the two Americans were busily tapping away at a section of country rock. A man and a boy followed behind the animals, gazing with wonder at the strangers, and as Phil bade them a pleasant "Buenos dias!" they came to a halt and stared at their industry in silence. In the interval Phil was pleased to note that the old man had only one eye.

"Que buscar" the one-eyed one finally inquired; "what are you looking for?"

And when Phil oracularly answered, "Gold!" the old man made a motion to the boy to go on and sat down on a neighboring rock.

"Do you want to buy a prospect?" he asked, and Bud glanced up at him grimly.

"We find our own prospects," answered Phil.

"But I know of a very rich prospect," protested Mendez; "very rich!" He shrilled his voice to express how rich it was.

"Yes?" observed Phil; "then why don't you dig the gold out? But, as for us, we find our own mines. That is our business."

"Seguro!" nodded Mendez, glancing at their outfit approvingly. "But I am a poor man—very poor—I cannot denounce the mine. So I wait for some rich Americano to come and buy it. I have a friend—a very rich man—in Gadsden, but he will not come; so I will sell it to you."

"Did you get that, Bud?" jested Phil in English. "The old man here thinks we're rich Americans and he wants

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

How the Falconer Told It.

I found my eyes jowking on the cadge, but she awoke, mantled and roused a little, after which I let her bowse. Hooded, with jesses, leach and bells in perfect order, I took her on the fist and so to the fields. It was evident that she was in yarak, for her sails, mails and train ruffled eagerly, and her petty singles spasmodically contracted so that her talons gripped the glove hard. A rook appeared and I flew her at it. It was too far off and escaped, but it was a marvel to see lady wait on, discover another quarry, chase it, throwing up cleverly, and finally bind to it with a lightning stoop. She was depluming it when I was able to make in easily.—Outing Magazine.

Hot and Heavy.

Mr. Kellogg was always teasing his wife. It was strange that she did not oftener suspect the pitfalls he prepared for her. This time he came home to dinner and said gravely, "Young White's wife gave it to him hot and heavy this morning!"

The Whites had been married but a few months, and Mrs. Kellogg promptly scented a scandal.

"Fighting already? How dreadful!" she continued. "Tell me about it."

"Oh, she just gave him one of the biscuits she made for breakfast," replied her husband.—Youth's Companion.

What the Hoofs Tell.

Equestrian statues on the battlefield of Gettysburg all follow a general rule which sculptors have adopted as an arbitrary convention. If two feet of the horse are in the air the rider was killed. If one foot is lifted from the ground the rider was wounded. If all four feet are planted on the pediment then it signifies that the subject of the statue was not hurt.—New York World.

LAND OF BROKEN PROMISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

to sell us a mine."

Bud laughed silently at this, and Mr. Mendez, his hopes somewhat blasted by their levity, began to boast of

Bat Toying With His Pistol.

his find, giving the history of the Eagle Tail with much circumstantiality and explaining that it was a lost padre mine.

"Sure," observed Phil, going back to his horse and picking up the bridle, "that's what they all say. They're all lost padre mines, and you can see them from the door of the church. Come on, Bud, let's go!"

"And so you could this!" cried Mendez, running along after them as they rode slowly up the canyon, "from the old church that was washed away by the flood! This is the very mine where the padres dug out all their gold! Are you going up this way? Come, then, and I will show you—the very place, except that the Americano ruined it with a blast!"

He tagged along after them, wheedling and protesting while they bantered him about his mine, until they finally came to the place—the ruins of the Eagle Tail.

It lay spraddled out along the hillside, a series of gopher-holes, dumps and abandoned workings, looking more like a badly managed stone quarry than a relic of padre days. Kruger's magazine of giant powder, exploded in one big blast, had destroyed all traces of his mine, besides starting an avalanche of loose shale that had poured down and filled the pocket.

Added to this, Aragon and his men had rooted around in the debris in search of the vein, and the story of their inefficient work was told by great piles of loose rock stacked up beside caved-in trenches and a series of timid tunnels driven into the neighboring ridges.

Under the circumstances it would certainly call for a mining engineer to locate the lost lead, and De Lancey looked it over thoughtfully as he began to figure on the work to be done. Undoubtedly there was a mine there—and the remains of an old Spanish smelter down the creek showed that the ground had once been very rich—but if Kruger had not told him in advance he would have passed up the job in a minute.

"Well," he said, turning coldly upon the fawning Mendez, who was all curves in his desire to please, "where is your prospecto?"

"Aqui, senor!" replied the Mexican, pointing to the disrupted rock slide. "Here it was that the Americano Crooka had his mine—rich with gold—much gold!"

He shrilled his voice emphatically, and De Lancey shrilled his in reply.

"Here?" he exclaimed, gazing blankly at the hillside, and then he broke into a laugh. "All right, my friend," he said, giving Bud a facetious wink; "how much do you want for this prospect?"

"Four hundred dollars," answered Mendez in a tone at once hopeful and apologetic. "It is very rich. Senor Crooka shipped some ore that was full of gold. I packed it out for him on my burros; but, I am sorry, I have no piece of it!"

"Yes," responded De Lancey, "I am sorry, too. So, of course, we cannot buy the prospecto since you have no ore to show; but I am glad for this, Senor Mendez," he continued with a kindly smile; "it shows that you are an honest man, or you would have stolen a piece of ore from the sacks. So show us now where the gold was found, the nearest that you can remember, and perhaps, if we think we can find it, we will pay you to denounce the claim for us."

At this the one good eye of Cruz Mendez lighted up with a great hope and, skipping lightly over the rock piles with his sandaled feet, he ran to a certain spot, locating it by looking across the canyon and up and down the creek.

"Here, senores," he pronounced, "is where the mouth of the old tunnel came out. Standing inside it I could see that tree over there, and looking down the river I could just see the smelter around the point. So, then, the gold must be in there." He pointed toward the hill.

"Surely," said De Lancey; "but where?"

The old Mexican shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"I do not know, senor," he answered; "but if you wish to dig I will denounce the claim for you."

"For how much?" inquired De Lancey guardedly.

"For one hundred dollars," answered Mendez, and to his delight the American seemed to be considering it. He walked back and forth across the slide, picking up rocks and looking at them, dropping down into the futile trenches of Aragon, and frowning with studious thought. His partner, however, sat listlessly on a boulder and tested the action of his six-shooter.

"Listen, my friend," said De Lancey, coming back and poising his finger impressively. "If I should find the ledge the one hundred dollars would be nothing to me, sabe? And if I should spend all my money for nothing it would be but one hundred dollars more. But listen! I have known some false Mexicans who, when an American paid them to denounce a mine, took advantage of his kindness and refused to give it over. Or, if it turned out to be rich, they pulled a long face and claimed that they ought to be paid more. Now if—"

"Ah, no, senor!" clamored Mendez, holding up his hand in protest; "I am a poor man, but I am honest. Only give me the hundred dollars—"

"Not a dollar do you get!" cried De Lancey sternly; "not a dollar—until you turn over the concession to the mine. And if you play us false"—he paused impressively—"cuidado, hombre—look out!"

Once more Cruz Mendez protested his honesty and his fidelity to any trust, but De Lancey silenced him impatiently.

"Enough, hombre!" he said. "Words are nothing to us. Do you see my friend over there?" He pointed to Bud, who, huge and dominating against the sky line, sat toying with his pistol. "Buen! He is a cowboy, sabe? A Texan! You know the Tejanos, eh? They do not like Mexicans. But my friend there, he likes Mexicans—when they are honest. If not—no! Hey, Bud," he called in English, "what would you do to this fellow if he beat us out of the mine?"

Bud turned upon them with a slow, good-natured smile.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered, patting up his gun; and the deep rumble of his voice struck fear into the old man's heart.

Phil laughed and looked grimly at Mendez while he delivered his ultimatum.

"Very well, my friend," he said. "We will stay and look at this mine. If we think it is good we will take you to the mining agent and get a permit to dig. For sixty days we will dig, and if we find nothing we will pay you fifty dollars, anyway. If we find the ledge we will give you a hundred dollars. All right?"

"Si, senor, si, senor!" cried Mendez, "one hundred dollars!"

"When you give us the papers!" warned Phil. "But remember—be careful! The Americans do not like men who talk. And come to the hotel at Fortuna tomorrow—then we will let you know."

"And you will buy the mine?" begged Mendez, backing off with his hat in his hand.

"Perhaps," answered De Lancey. "We will tell you tomorrow."

"Buen!" bowed Mendez; "and many thanks!"

"It is nothing," replied De Lancey politely, and then with a crooked smile he gazed after the old man as he went hurrying off down the canyon.

"Well," he observed, "I guess we've got Mr. Mendez started just about right—what? Now if we can keep him without the price of a drink until we get our papers we stand a chance to win."

"That's right," said Bud; "but I wish he had two good eyes. I knowed a one-eyed Mex up in Arizona and he was sure a thieving son of a goat."

(To Be Continued.)

Couldn't Fool Artie.

Little Arthur's mother, after trying in vain to get him to swallow a pill, concealed it in a banana, which she gave him. Presently, when she asked him if he had eaten the banana, he replied, "Yes, mamma, all but the seed."—Boston Transcript.

Changed Places.

"Did you see where a woman in Chicago has a dog in the house that talks sometimes?"

"Well, there are plenty in more towns than Chicago who have a man in the house that growls all the time."—Baltimore American.

The St. Louis man whom the surgeons had to relieve of $1.85 worth of nickels, which he swallowed on a bet, should have had another operation performed on his cranium. It would be interesting to know what is inside that.

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The Mercury.

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Ex-Governor Sulzer who was deposed from the Governorship of New York, by the Legislature of that State last year, proposes to run again this fall as an independent candidate.

The administration papers, including the Providence Journal, which is still more than half administration, are now trying to give the President credit for the bumper wheat crop now in prospect.

It is generally believed in financial circles in Massachusetts that there is an underground current in operation to force both the New Haven and the Boston & Maine railroads into the hands of receivers.

Seventeen millions of gold have been shipped this week to Europe. If this keeps on there will be no gold left in the country. It shows that our debt to Europe is rapidly increasing under the Democratic free trade.

The half holiday on Saturdays for Government employes goes into effect at once. Hereafter a weeks work will be only 44 hours. Soon that will be reduced to thirty hours or five hours a day for six days. Who would not like to work for Uncle Sam?

Sir Thomas Lipton says: "I propose to sail Shamrock IV to New York. I will not request the privilege of towing. I will sail the challenger across. If she sinks well and good, but if she wins she will win without any concessions." That shows good sportsman's pluck.

80,000 freight cars and 800 locomotives, valued at $86,000,000, are standing idle on the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At 5 per cent. Pennsylvania is losing interest at the rate of $4,300,000 on idle equipment. Yet President Wilson says the business stagnation is merely "psycological."

That great reformer in Congress Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin, has printed in the Congressional Record a speech which he never delivered of three hundred and sixty-five pages, of the smallest kind of type. If printed in ordinary book type that speech which was never delivered would make two volumes of over seven hundred pages each.

According to up the river reports Gen. Charles A. Wilson is soon to resign from the chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee and ex-Speaker Joseph P. Burlingame, of Warwick, is to be elected in his place. Mr. Burlingame is a brother of Postmaster Burlingame of this city. He has been speaker of the House of Representatives and Railroad Commissioner. He is a man well qualified for leadership.

That the South is in the saddle is made apparent every day. A few days ago a union veteran of distinguished service who had been a door-keeper in Washington for some years was reduced in pay to $840 a year and a confederate veteran was given the same identical post at a salary of $1,540. Senator Kern the Democratic senate leader told the Union Veterans that they might consider themselves lucky that they were retained in the service at any salary. The action of the administration is an insult to the whole body of Union Veterans.

The New York Evening Post is one of those papers that believe in Wilson, Bryan and free trade and yet it was compelled to publish the fact that owing to the Wilson free trade bill our imports last month increased over twenty-seven millions of dollars and our exports decreased some forty millions. The news columns the same day published the fact that forty-six millions in gold has gone out of the country this year. The same paper and the same day published in its news columns the fact that on June first there were 241,802 idle cars in this country as against 50,908 a year ago. These are a few of the things that indicate that the clouds that hover over business are still lying very low.

The Government and Business.

The way this administration is trying to kill the business of the country is almost criminal to say the least. The great railroad men of the country are beginning to feel that under this persecution that there is nothing left but government ownership of the roads but they all feel that the government cannot run them successfully. President Ripley of the Atchison system, one of the most noted railroad presidents in the country says: "The condition under which private individuals furnish all the cash, all the money, and government assumes all the managership without any responsibility—that arrangement cannot last. What else is there left but government ownership?" Newman Erb in a London interview also declared that government ownership is inevitable, saying that the prime trouble of the railways now is that the owners no longer control them. "Business of the United States," he says, "is at a standstill, and will continue so until there is an end of the Administration's policy of inaction in Mexico; also regarding the railway rates question and because of the tariff."

Vicarious Exercise.

Some, who are easily perplexed, wonder at the crowds seen at the baseball games in Fenway Park. "How can all these people afford to spend the time and the money?" The questioner, finding no answer, and not being able himself to see a game, speaks disrespectfully of the spectators as a mob of fans. Now the true fan, says the Boston Herald, is the man that does not go to the games but, opening his Herald at the breakfast table, turns at once to the baseball news, reads the graphic account of a dull or exciting local contest, the telegraphed reports from other cities; notes the base hits, errors, men struck out, double plays; and wonders who will pitch the next afternoon in Boston, Detroit, Washington; or Philadelphia. Glued to his newspaper, he heeds not the remarks of spouse and tender brood.

No, these spectators at the games are not necessarily idlers, loafers, as the superficial would have it. Many of them thus take exercise and prefer, baseball to golf. If, mentally tired, a man, not a golfer, accompanies a friend over the links, he soon becomes physically exhausted, and his last state is worse than his first. Reading a book or an address by Mr. Roosevelt is too violent exercise for the ordinary citizen. But watching a game of baseball provides the necessary stimulation, glow, exercise that, while it is vicarious, is sympathetic. An intimate knowledge of the rules, an acquaintance with the subtleties of double plays, these are not indispensable to bodily improvement. Mere following the exertions of the battery, basemen, fielders, batters is enough. The spectator runs and strikes and stops and slides and curves and twists, but agreeably and in mental unison with the actual deed. There is also the opportunity for strengthening vocal chords in recognition and appreciation of a brilliant play.

Baseball is more varied than tennis. Rowing is a moving picture, not to be seen in all its length by the majority. In the football season there is danger of contracting rheums and cramps, nor is the mind so alert. What wonder that the "tired business man" makes his way to the park, to return home refreshed, invigorated, and with rich matter for conversation by the domestic hearth or at the club; the next morning for the street car and the office.

Hard To Beat.

[Boston Herald.]

It will require skillful manoeuvring on the part of the Democrats in Congress to prevent an early return of prosperity. Winter wheat, already "made," will surpass all records. The hay crop now nearly mature, promises to be enormous. And few Americans realize the value of hay, as a basic product, even in this age of gasoline. The entire crop situation looks good, and upon that does the condition of general business usually depend. Of all crops corn, which is yet to be heard from, is king, because of its fundamental relation to beef and pork and other inhabitants of the barnyard.

The country is growing, and popular needs are on the increase. The Fifth avenue motor bus line in New York, for example, carried in May a million and a half passengers. This is the record. It has recently increased its equipment with an order for 25 new buses. While this is only typical of the growth of everything that concentrates on Manhattan Island, it shows how essentially eager the American people are to go forward.

If Congress would only adjourn, giving business a rest for a while from further regulation and the threat of it, the President and all concerned would be surprised with the rapidity with which industry would revive. The potentialities of prosperity are here. Only the threat of disturbing legislation interferes with its largest realization.

Poorly Advised

(New York Evening Post.)

It is a pity that President Wilson should have allowed himself to be manoeuvred into a false position in regard to his Memorial Day address, and then at the eleventh hour have reversed his decision not to speak. It will be remembered that he similarly vacillated in regard to his Gettysburg address. It would really seem as if the President were often in need of better advice than he is getting - advice that comes in such a way as to carry conviction with it.

The President is a Southerner by birth and at heart and he cannot get over the fact that it was the "boys in blue" that whipped the men from his part of the country. Notwithstanding that every Southerner is glad in his heart that the South was whipped back into the union still there is a lingering feeling of resentment against those who did the whipping.

The decorators are at work and by Tuesday the city will look like a gala occasion. One hundred years are a long time and an organization that has lived that long is worthy of public recognition. Everybody decorate.

The senate has passed the free tolls repeal bill by a vote of 50 to 35. Twelve Democrats voted against the bill and thirteen Republicans voted for it. Senator Colt voted for the bill, and Senator Lippitt voted against it.

Corrected figures of the deaths in the Empress of Ireland disaster, made public by the Canadian Pacific officials Tuesday night, show that 1024 persons who were on ship are unaccounted for.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He swore (it was his policy)
He would not advertise,
But one day he did advertise,
And thereby hangs a tale—
The "ad" was set in quite small type
And headed "Sheriff's Sale."
—Judge.

History Repeats Itself.

Developments under the Democratic tariff prove that history repeats itself. Things come in cycles. Terrible disasters, as, for instance, the loss of the Titanic, are, after a little time, almost forgotten, except by those who have suffered personal loss. But it takes about twenty years for us to forget a political disaster. The reason is not difficult to see. Those most active in business affairs twenty years ago are being superseded by others who, twenty years ago, were not old enough to take note of political changes.

Thus, the Democratic tariff disaster of twenty years ago, when Cleveland was President, is being repeated today, under Wilson. Almost identical action in many cases has brought almost identical results. Business is bad, industrial conditions have slowed down and men are out of work; manufacturers, farmers and workingmen are compelled to compete with foreign manufacturers, foreign farmers and cheap foreign labor.

But we are waking up to the results of tariff reduction, and history is going to repeat itself with the return of Republicans to power. This return will undoubtedly come with the Congressional elections this fall.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. A. A. Southworth, of Fall River, bought the Lorenzo D. Tallman farm, when it was sold at public auction on Saturday last.

Mr. Albert F. Sisson is visiting his sister, Mrs. George Faulkner, of Power street.

Mrs. J. M. Eldredge, superintendent of schools in this town, entertained the teachers at the final meeting for the year, at her home on Bristol Ferry road. All the teachers were present.

The funeral of Martha, wife of Mr. Judge Sumner, of Tiverton, took place on Thursday. She was Miss Martha Salisbury and was first married to David Monro. By that marriage there were several children all of whom have gone away from here. She later married Mr. Sumner and went to Tiverton to reside. The burial was in the Portsmouth Cemetery in the Monro lot.

Children's Day was celebrated at Portsmouth Grange at its regular meeting. There was a pleasing program of songs and recitations. There were also moving pictures to entertain the little ones. Refreshments were served.

The Town Council held a special meeting at Town Hall on Friday evening to consider the bids for crushing stone for building roads in the town. The Amos Bridge Sons Co.'s bid was $1.25 per ton, was rejected because it was too indefinite. James McCormick, of East Providence, agreed to crush 1900 tons for $2500, stone to be secured on Charles Carr's land. Luke Callan, of Bristol, agreed to crush 2300 tons for $2500, stone to be secured on the land of Sowle Bros. The bid of Jas. McCormick was accepted, owing to the favorable location of the stone.

The Newport and Providence Street Railway Co. were given permission to build a new turn out on West road.

A forty hours' devotion will be held in St. Anthony's Church beginning June 21st.

The annual field day of the Providence Water Color Association was held Saturday at Lawton's Valley. Many of the members sketched during the morning. In the afternoon they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott at Oak Glen.

The annual meeting of the New England Hardware Dealers Association will be held at Newport Beach on July 17, and the local hardware dealers will aid in their entertainment.

Ticket Agent John T. Lewis of the passenger station is enjoying a month's vacation which he will spend in the West.

Rapid Stars.

Even astronomers are expressing astonishment at a speed record recently discovered among the stars. The Andromeda nebula has been found to be moving in the general direction of the earth at the rate of about 16,000,000 miles a day, or nearly 200 miles a second. This is vastly faster than the motion of the earth round the sun or of the sun in space. It will be some time before the nebula approaches very close to the earth, however. Observations of the nebula by telescope and photographs do not show the slightest measurable trace of movement toward the earth, which indicates that it is so far away that traveling 16,000,000 miles a day is too slow to be apparent. The discovery that it is coming at this rate was made by a study of the spectrum of its light.—Saturday Evening Post.

Complimenting the Judge.

In "Stories From the Bench and Bar" Mr. Arthur H. Engelbach recalls the following story of Sir George Jessel, master of the rolls: One day he was having a point pressed upon him by a barrister named Oswald, who cited words in support of his point from a reported judgment of the master of the rolls.

"'Mr. Oswald,' interposed Jessel, 'I could not have been such a fool as to have said that!'

"'Oh, yes, my lord,' retorted Oswald, 'you were, my lord, you were!'"

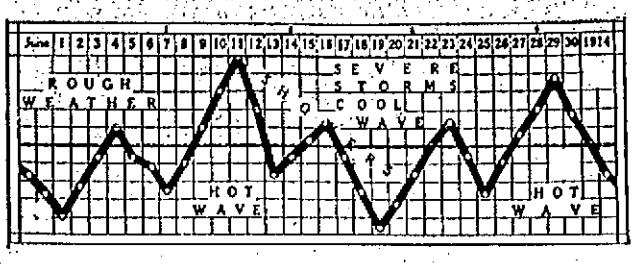
Highest Mountain In Idaho.

Idaho has only one peak having an altitude greater than 12,000 feet, that is Hyndman peak, near the Blaine-Custer county line. The elevation of this mountain is 12,078 feet. There are, however, several unnamed peaks near Hyndman peak whose elevations are greater than 12,000 feet, as shown by the contours on the Halley topographic map published by the United States geological survey.

A Cheerful Soul.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship.—London Tit-Bits.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



June will average warmer than usual. Rainfall will be generally deficient. Most rain in eastern section, particularly in north Atlantic sections. Not many severe storms Most severe storms not far from June 20. Not good cropweather month; too dry except in northeastern sections. Very hot near June 1 and 29. Very cool near June 19. Showers are expected June 12 and 20.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

Washington, D. C. June 11, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 14 to 18, warm wave 13 to 17, cool wave 16 to 20. The great hot wave will continue till this disturbance has past eastward of your locality. The cool wave following it will give only a short relief following which another great high temperature wave will cover the continent.

We have predicted showers, thunder storms, hail, in the central valleys for June 13 to 19. The extent and quantity of those rains will be vastly important. If good and general rains should fall at that time it would immensely improve prospects of good crops. Our opinion is that the rains will be light and that balance of June - 19 to 30 - will be generally hot and dry, with a probability that Canada and northern parts of the northern States will get more rain than other sections east of Rockies.

Usually the Pacific slope gets very little rain in June but we expect more than usual rain in northern parts of Pacific slope from June 10 to 19. From above it is evident that our calculations for June are rather favorable to the Spring wheat crop and against corn, oats and cotton. Many thousands of farmers and dealers are vastly interested in the prospective showers June 13 to 19. Farmers are holding oats and corn, and cotton dealers are holding cotton for higher prices. When to let their products go is the problem. Our advice is not to sell before last of June. At this time we do not wish to advise further in advance. July is doubtful.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 20, cross Pacific slope by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern sections 25. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 20, great central valleys 22, eastern sections 24. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 23, great central valleys 25, eastern sections 27.

Temperatures of the five days centering on the date this disturbance reaches your longitude will average about or a little below normal and rainfall will be less than the usual average except in a few places where thunder storms of small extent cause concentrated rains. The general average trend of temperatures thereafter will be upward to near end of month.

Dont forgot the severe storm dates. Within two or three days of June 20 severe storms are expected and you should not go boating during that period. We will expect to read of tornadoes, hail storms, and earthquakes during that period.

Our predictions of heavy rains and storms in the corn growing sections of South America were good. The rains seriously interfered with corn gathering and we expect those conditions to continue till end of June. South American cropweather is of great interest to people on this continent. We are extending our cropweather forecasts to all countries whose products may have effects on markets of North America.

LOOKS LIKE RECORD IMMIGRATION YEAR

2900 Aliens Arrive Every Week Day For Ten Months

Immigrants arrived at American ports at the rate of more than 2900 every week day during the first ten months of the fiscal year of 1914, and indications are that by June 30, when the fiscal year ends, the greatest number of immigrants ever admitted during any year will have entered.

Statistics of the bureau of immigration indicate that the 1914 total will be approximately 1,351,000 immigrants. The greatest number arriving in one year heretofore was 1,285,349 in 1907.

Immigrants from the south of Italy during the ten months numbered 220,123, while those from the north of Italy numbered 38,397. Hebrew immigrants were second in number, there having been 119,364 admitted. Polish were third with 105,647.

Of other races there were: Germans, 66,073; English, 42,705; Russians, 40,083; Croatian and Slavonian, 33,396; Ruthenian, 32,076; Scandinavian, 29,546; Japanese, 7432; Chinese, 2012.

During the ten months 26,291 aliens were debarred for various reasons.

BOUND AND STRANGLED

One Maine Boy Dead and Companion In Pitiable Plight

Victor Porter and Hartley Webb, each aged 11, were attacked at Presque Isle, Me., by other boys while fishing, stripped of their clothes and left bound, with shoe strings tied tightly about their necks, according to the police.

Webb was dead when found and Porter's face and neck were so badly swollen that the string was strangling him when found. He will recover.

Two boys named Cote were arrested. The police allege that they had on the clothing and shoes of Porter and Webb.

Porter was found rolling on the ground in agony. Nearby was Webb, who, in his struggles, had fallen into the shallow water of the stream, where they had been fishing, and had drowned.

BEATS OLDER SHAMROCK

New Cup Challenger Shows Grand Form In Her First Race

Grand form was shown by Shamrock IV., Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger for the America's cup, in her first race sailed in the Solent, when she quite outpaced the older Shamrock, leaving the trial yacht far astern.

Only a light breeze was blowing and both Shamrocks carried a full spread of fair weather canvas. Beating to the eastward the challenger quickly drew away.

In the run back with jackyards and spinnakers set the challenger took a still more commanding lead, gaining some five minutes in covering a four-mile stretch.

Chauffeur Who Drove Thaw Killed

Frank Cantin, the chauffeur who drove Harry K. Thaw across Vermont to Colebrook, N. H., when the Matteawan fugitive was deported from Canada, was instantly killed when an automobile he was operating capsized.

It was morning in Grassville. An old citizen and a young one met and this conversation took place:

"How're you making out at the opera house?"

"We turned 'em away last night."

"G'wan."

"Fact. Sixteen of 'em. Manager said it was no use burnin' gas for a nine dollar house."—New York Globe.

"I'm the victim of financial exaggeration."

"I don't understand you."

"The bank has just informed me that I've overdrawn my account."—Detroit Free Press.

The world would be both better and brighter if we would dwell on the happiness of duty.—Sir John Lubbock.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, JUNE, 1914

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn.	Water Eve
13 Sat	4 07	7 23	11 28	11 54	—
14 Sun	4 07	7 24	11 47	12 13	12 51
15 Mon	4 07	7 24	mo'n	1 12	1 46
16 Tues	4 07	7 24	12 05	2 10	2 56
17 Wed	4 07	7 25	12 23	3 03	3 54
18 Thur	4 07	7 25	12 42	3 56	4 59
19 Fri	4 07	7 25	1 01	4 42	5 49

Moon's 1st qr. June 1 — 9 03m Morning
Full Moon, June 8 — 12 18m, Morning
Moon's last qr. June 15 — 9 20m, Morning
New Moon June 23 — 10 33m, Morning
Moon's 1st qr. June 30 — 2 25m, Evening

Marriages.

In Lowell, Mass., 10th inst., by Rev. C. E Fisher, Mrs. Carrie F. Leighton of Lowell to Mr. Gustavus Stimpson of this city.

In this city, 8th inst., by Rev. Nathaniel J. Sprout, Miss M. Gillies to Horace J. Hargraves, of Elizabeth, N. J.

Deaths.

In this city, 8th inst., Edwin Child, in his 71st year.

In this city, 11th inst., Julius V. Lellere, in his 61st year.

In this city, 11th inst., James Alfred Collins in his 28th year.

In this city, 12th inst., Barbara Elizabeth, daughter of Sylvester and Elizabeth Olway, aged 1 year, 3 months and 1 day.

In Jamestown, 10th inst., Mary Ann, wife of William E. Wright, aged 61 years.

EXPLODE BOMB UNDER THRONE

Militants Attempt to Wreck British Coronation Chair

RELIC IS SLIGHTLY INJURED

Seat Formed of Legendary Stone of Scone Taken From Scots and Used by Rulers For Hundreds of Years—Explosion Heard In Parliament and Causes Great Sensation

Suffragettes exploded a bomb under the coronation chair in Westminster abbey. The historic stone of Scone was chipped, but otherwise no serious damage was wrought.

Two women were caught by the police cordon after the explosion as they were trying to leave Westminster abbey, but it was not certain that they were concerned in the outrage. There were two explosions in the abbey, one evidently premature, having occurred in the chapel of Edward the Confessor.

The stone of Scone probably broke the force of the explosion of the bomb set under the coronation chair, as the chair itself was only slightly injured.

The stone of Scone is the most famous relic of prehistoric days in the British empire. Its origin is lost in antiquity, but history reaches back to show that on it sat Malcolm Canmore, an almost mythological king of Picts, when he was invested with the crown.

For centuries the stone furnished a throne for Scottish kings in the abbey of Scone on the day of their coronation. It remained in Scotland until captured by Edward I. of England and taken to London.

Desperate resentment by the Scottish nation at their deprivation of a relic they held sacred was in great measure the cause of the uprising of William Wallace, the Scottish hero, and the crushing defeat suffered by the English at the battle of Bannockburn, when Robert Bruce riveted on his head the crown of Scotland.

Ever since Robert Bruce's day Scotland sought to recover the famous Scone boulder. But it had been incorporated into the coronation chair of the English kings and could not be recovered. It was specially mentioned in the act of union between Scotland and England and under the law no British king can reign unless he is crowned upon the sacred stone.

The explosion of the bomb was heard in parliament, and caused a great sensation. Many believed an attempt had been made to blow up the house of commons. Excitement was great, and the suffragettes were unsparingly denounced.

Just before the explosion in Westminster abbey Home Secretary McKenna defended the government's policy regarding the suffragettes. He told the commons the government objected to letting militants die in prison, deporting them or confining them in asylums, but announced that the government would institute civil suits against every subscriber to the Women's Social and Political union, the body from which the suffragettes draw their funds.

A list of those who have contributed to the suffragette cause was revealed in a search of one of the Women's Social and Political union headquarters, following a police raid, according to popular report.

SEIZED ON A LITTER

Miss Pankhurst Arrested and Militant Parade Broken Up

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was not even permitted to approach Westminster to interview Premier Asquith.

The proposed visit to Asquith was arranged for some days ago by Miss Pankhurst and other militant leaders, and it was decided that she should be carried shoulder-high in the procession, as she was not considered strong enough to bear the strain of what promised to be an arduous journey.

Before the procession had gone a mile, Miss Pankhurst was arrested for the eighth time since she was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for inciting language in Hyde Park, and conveyed to Holloway jail.

The procession struggled on without a leader, but by the time it reached the Strand it had been dispersed by the police.

RESENTS MILITANTS' ACTS

England Is Planning to Allow Them to Starve to Death

"Let them die," is becoming a rather popular slogan in London in connection with the "hunger striking" suffragettes since the public has become so profoundly resentful of the activities of the militant women.

It is reported that the government has decided to take a step in this direction by introducing legislation to indemify the prison authorities against the consequences of allowing suffragettes to starve themselves to death while in prison.

The Standard interviewed a number of prominent people, including clergymen, on the subject, and all of the latter who are quoted by the newspaper express themselves in favor of the proposal.

New Haven Is Now In the New York Electric Railway Zone

The first electric engine to enter New Haven over the recently electrified zone pulled into New Haven from Stamford.

This completes the electrification system between New York and New Haven.

HOPE FOR PEACE NOW RENEWED

Huerta Is Eliminated In New Plan of Government

UNITED STATES STANDS FIRM

Unalterably Opposed to Any Policy Allowing Dictator to Name Successor—Mediation Proceedings at Breaking Point When Mexican Delegates Yield After Long Wrestling

At the moment when it appeared all hope of a peaceful settlement of the Mexican problem was gone, when the mediators themselves were downcast and pessimistic as to the final outcome, a new impetus was given to further negotiations by the conciliatory spirit displayed by the Mexican delegates after conference with the American delegates and the A. B. C. mediators.

The unexpected yielding of the Mexicans and the mediators, who have been upholding them, came, therefore, as all the greater surprise, and it was with signs of relief that everyone concerned realized that one more crisis was passed, that what had been a stumbling block for days had been safely negotiated.

The narrowness of the escape from total failure of all the mediation efforts was the principal subject of conversation among the conferees, and the mediators expressed their confidence that there may yet be hope of peaceful settlement of the difficulties—a consummation which had looked past hoping for.

In a full conference of the mediators and of the delegates of both countries, it was agreed that the transfer of authority from the present administration to the new provisional government should be accomplished in some other way than by General Huerta's appointment of a minister of foreign affairs, who would succeed to the provisional presidency.

It was the stand which the United States has taken in unalterably opposing any policy that would allow Huerta to name his successor that has almost brought all the work of the mediators to nothing, and when the Mexicans gave in on this point, a big point was gained by the United States. The contention of the representatives of this government all along has been that to allow Huerta the right to name his successor, as provided for in the Mexican constitution, would be tantamount to recognizing Huerta as well as his right to exercise constitutional functions.

The conference has been wrestling to this point for three weeks, and for three days there has been a deadlock in their position, and the mediators, on their side, argued vehemently from the Mexican viewpoint—so strongly that it seemed they would close the conference entirely unless this government did yield.

Affairs were in this state when mediators and representatives gathered for the conference. It was thought it would be the last, for the mediators themselves had lost confidence and, in a spirit of pique at General Carranza's delay in answering their last communication, had made public all the correspondence with the constitutionalists, declaring the incident closed.

Other points in the peace plan are expected to develop little difficulty. The question as to personnel, however, will prolong the proceedings. The necessity for communication through the Washington government with the constitutionalists will delay an early settlement, but some of the mediators now think an agreement may be reached in another fortnight.

TO CUT OFF HUERTA

Rebels Prepare to Capture Him Should He Try to Escape

Railroad communication between Mexico City and Vera Cruz is menaced by constitutionalist forces, Brigadier General Funston reported to the war department.

From sources in touch with the constitutionalist agency in Washington it was learned that the particular object of the activity of Carranza's troops in Vera Cruz state is to cut off all means of retreat for Huerta and his cabinet in case they determine to quit the capital.

The constitutionalist forces in Vera Cruz state, numbering about 9000, are said to be disposed so that they might be able to cut not only the railroad between Mexico City and Vera Cruz, but also the line between the capital and Puerto Mexico.

TWELVE HURT IN WRECK

Express From Boston to Montreal Leaves the Rails in Vermont

Eight passengers and four train employes were slightly injured by the derailment of a portion of the Boston and Maine express, from Boston to Montreal, at Braintree, Vt.

A mail car and an express car rolled down a thirty-foot embankment into a branch of the White river. The baggage car, smoking car and a day coach left the rails and jolted over the ties, but were not overturned.

Occupants of the remainder of the train, including three Pullmans and a day coach, escaped without injury, as these cars remained on the track. The cause of the accident has not been determined.

Liable For Selling Rifle to Boy

The Rhode Island supreme court ruled that a storekeeper was responsible for damage caused by a rifle sold by his clerks to a small boy. Verdicts given in the superior court to Henry L. and Catherine Bernard against James H. Smith, a Pascoag storekeeper were sustained.

TOLLS REPEAL BILL PASSES IN SENATE

Measure Goes Back to House to Accept Amendment

Repeal of Panama canal tolls exemption for American coastwise shipping passed the senate by a vote of 50 to 35.

The measure now goes back to the house, which is expected to accept the Simmons-Norris amendment, which specifically reserves all rights the United States may have under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

The passage of the bill, after a bitter struggle that has lasted for several months, is regarded as another victory for President Wilson.

Although thirteen Republicans came to the aid of the thirty-seven Democrats who voted for the bill in final passage, the president initiated the movement in his party for repeal, and it was behind him that many of the Democrats who voted "aye" lined up on the last test.

There has been no certain promise from the White House that the president will sign the bill with the qualifying amendment but there has been no declaration that he will veto it.

BY OVER SIX MINUTES

Resolute Beats Vanitie After Defiance Quits the Race

Resolute won the race of thirty miles over the America's cup course off Sandy Hook. The Vanitie finished second. The Defiance had trouble with its sails and quit early.

The Resolute got away first and was never headed. The Herreshoff boat turned the first mark, fifteen miles to windward, far ahead of the Vanitie. But racing for home, with the wind astern, the Vanite picked up some of the distance.

Official corrected time: Resolute, 3:13:28; Vanitie, 3:20:57.

A time allowance of 3 minutes and 13 seconds gave the Resolute the sixth seconds gave the Resolute the sixth cup class yacht race with the Vanitie, sailed in one of the lightest of airs over a thirty-mile triangular course.

The Vanitie led at the finish by 1 minute and 57 seconds, but the Resolute was awarded the race on corrected time by 1 minute and 16 seconds.

DIES AT AGE OF 110

Woman Who Wedded at 105 Succumbs to Heart Disease

Mrs. Maria Lossaso of Paterson, N. J., died of heart disease at the age of 110 years.

Five years ago she was married to Anthony Lassaso of New York city, where she lived previous to coming to this city. Lossaso was married five times.

Mrs. Lassaso was born in Italy. According to friends she did not look older than 60 years.

Divorce For Schumann-Heink

Mrs. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the opera singer, was granted a divorce from her husband, William Rapp, Jr., whose ardent epistles to Mrs. Catherine Dean of New York were the sensation of the suit.

Racing Killed In Louisiana

The Reinhardt bill, providing for the restoration of horse racing in Louisiana, was killed in the legislature, 35 to 50.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Mrs. William Dawson, 53, of Oyster Bay, L. I., fell from a second-story window and escaped injury, but died of fright.

Electrocution has been adopted by the Pittsburg Animal Rescue league as the best method of disposing of diseased and superfluous dogs and cats.

Mediation is proposed to placate negro janitors at the national Capitol building, who threaten a strike in a petition to congress for higher wages.

Eight persons were killed and a dozen others were perhaps fatally injured when fire swept through a tenement firetrap on New York's East Side.

The King and Queen of England gave the first state ball of the season at Buckingham palace.

Woman suffrage is to be enacted in Denmark and all property qualifications for electors of members of the upper house abolished by a constitutional amendment bill, which passed the lower house of the Danish parliament, 102 to 6, six deputies not voting.

Burglars carried off a 500-pound safe from a restaurant on lower Broadway, New York. It contained $10.

Annie Alexander, who has spent twenty-six years in restraint, was sentenced to the penitentiary for robbing a jewelry store at Pittsburg.

Black Handers sent a letter to a Pittsburg merchant demanding money, under threats of death, and, then learning he was not wealthy, sent him a letter of apology.

Three French soldiers were killed and twelve wounded in a fight with rebellious Moors.

President Wilson's chauffeur, E. Johnson, who was arrested at Hyattsville, Md., for speeding, was fined $10 by a justice of the peace.

Murray Thrashes McCoy

Al McCoy, middleweight champion, was decisively whipped by Billy Murray at New York. The crowd was "treated" to the spectacle of a title holder holding, clinching and running away.

Retires After Fifty Years' Service

Professor John H. Appleton of Brown university, head of the chemistry department, has been appointed professor emeritus after fifty years of continuous teaching at Brown.

DAY OF ENJOYMENT FOR HUB CHILDREN

Hundreds "Go the Limit" as Guests of Auto Dealers

Approximately 2500 children from all sections of Boston, mostly from charitable institutions and public homes, had their big day of the year at Nantasket Beach. They were guests of the Boston Automobile Dealers' association, which annually gives the youngsters an outing.

Every child in Boston that wanted to go along was accommodated. They were of all denominations and nationalities. More than 300 automobiles of every description carried them over the road to the seaside.

It was an all-day frolic for the children. They were told to "go the limit" in having a good time. And they certainly did. They were tendered a luncheon, followed by sports and games. The children were brought back to town at sundown.

PUTS BACK UNDER SAIL

Engines on Nautical Training Ship Out of Commission

The Massachusetts nautical school-ship Ranger, which left Boston three weeks ago on a 10,000-mile trip, put back into port with her engines out of commission.

Captain Atwater said serious engine trouble developed on May 25, when the ship was 900 miles east of Boston, and that three days later he had to turn back.

The Ranger had to use her sails, as her engines were capable of but one-third their normal speed. Because of unfavorable winds the vessel had to cover 1800 miles on its return trip. There were 103 cadets aboard, all of whom were disappointed by the accident.

The vessel was due in Ireland yesterday. The cadets will probably be given shore leave while repairs are being made.

FOSTER PLEADS GUILTY

Postmaster Admits Conspiracy to Get Increase in Salary

Harold A. Foster, formerly postmaster of North Brookfield, Mass., pleaded guilty to conspiracy to defraud the government and was fined $300 in the United States district court at Boston.

By large sales of stamps to the Sterling Debenture company of New York Foster inflated the receipts of his office to such an extent that he was granted an increase in salary.

As the postal regulations prohibit the sale of stamps outside the postal districts to which they are issued, and as the salaries of postmasters are based on the volume of business in the district, Foster was arrested.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

Margaret M. Neubert, 2½ years old, was instantly killed while at play in a Boston street by a horse and wagon.

Stricken after having ascended the stairs at her home at Boston, Mrs. Mary Lynch, 68, fell down the stairs and was killed.

Elizabeth Dewinsky, 6, died at Providence from burns received while playing with matches.

A 6-year-old crippled boy, Leonard Levins, while playing about a wharf at Boston, fell into the water and was drowned.

Six buildings were destroyed by fire that started in the engine room of the sawmill of Nelson Durfee at Fall River, Mass., causing $20,000 damage.

George A. Shaw of Concord, N. H., a locomotive fireman, committed suicide by drowning in the Merrimac river.

The price of gas in Manchester, N. H., was reduced from $1.10 to a flat $1 rate per thousand cubic feet, by the New Hampshire public service commission.

Julius Chaput, a wood chopper, was stricken with heart disease and died while lighting his pipe at Wrentham, Mass.

Judge Edgar J. Sherman, retired, former member of the Massachusetts superior court bench, died at his home in Windsor, Vt., aged 80.

The livery stable and garage of M. E. Fetherson at New London, Conn., was destroyed by fire which caught from an explosion of gasolene. The loss is $20,000.

Arthur Connor of Henniker, N. H., committed suicide by taking poison. He is said to have been despondent because of ill health.

Arthur A. West was hurled by a broken belt into a machine at a shoe factory at Merrimack, N. H., receiving injuries from which he died.

John Dolken, 26, driver of a motor truck which killed 9-year-old Maurice Stevens, was held in $5000 in the Attleboro, Mass., court.

William H. Flemming, 50, connected with a Boston stock exchange firm, and a prominent member of many clubs, dropped dead in his office of apoplexy.

Dorothy Watson, 18 months old, while playing in her home at Saugus, Mass., came upon twenty-five laxative lozenges. She ate them all and died in convulsions.

Held For Father's Death

Michael T. Connolly a longshoreman, was arraigned at Boston charged with assault and battery on his father, Martin Connolly, 63, who died at a hospital. Connolly pleaded not guilty and was held in $2000 bonds for a hearing.

An Anti-Suffrage District

A woman suffrage resolution was passed down in the Democratic state convention at Raleigh. One vote was registered for it.

WEDDING KNOT IS TIED TWICE

Kermit Roosevelt and Miss Willard Are Married at Madrid

FINAL CEREMONY IN CHURCH

Religious Form Performed by Two Clergymen Following Civil Marriage in Office of Chief of Police—Many Distinguished Persons Present—Couple to Make Home in Brazil

The church wedding of Miss Belle W. Willard, daughter of Joseph W. Willard, American ambassador to Spain, and Kermit Roosevelt, son of Theodore Roosevelt, was performed at the Episcopal church in the British embassy grounds at Madrid.

Photo of Mr. Roosevelt © by Pach. Bros.

KERMIT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT

Colonel Roosevelt and Ambassador Willard were the witnesses to the ceremony today. There was a brilliant gathering at the British embassy for the marriage. Members of the Spanish aristocracy, representatives of the diplomatic corps and many guests from various countries were present.

The church where the ceremony took place was decorated with flowers. The American embassy, too, was turned into a pretty bower, for the young couple held a reception there after the service.

Rev. Dr. Watson, rector of the American church in Paris, officiated at the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Robert Brown, chaplain of the British embassy in Madrid.

Miss Willard was attended by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Willard, as maid of honor; the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, daughter of the German ambassador at Madrid; Miss Katherine Page, daughter of the American ambassador to England; Mlle. Gilono le Vonour de Tilliores of Paris, and Miss Virginia Christian of Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt will start at once for a brief honeymoon on the continent. They will sail for Brazil, where Roosevelt is connected with a railroad company. They will make their home at Sao Paulo.

Roosevelt and his bride first met at the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, when Miss Willard was visiting Miss Ethel Roosevelt, now Mrs. Richard Derby. Miss Willard is 21 years old and Roosevelt 24.

STATE CANNOT FIX RATES

Supreme Court Declares Nation Is Master of Railroads

A long step toward placing railroads under "one master instead of many" was taken by the supreme court in upholding the power of the interstate commerce commission to strike down state rates that discriminate against interstate commerce.

The court said, in substance, that the Minnesota and other recent state rate cases, in which the railroads lost, might have been decided otherwise had the roads gone to the commission for relief instead of the courts.

KISSED RABIES VICTIM

Boy Contracts Disease From Little Brother Who Was Dying

John Dasta, aged 8, kissed his little brother just before the latter died of rabies and was admitted to a hospital at Pittsburg suffering from the disease.

His mother and two other members of the family, who also kissed the dead child, were taken to the hospital for observation.

The power of necessity is irresistible. —Aeschylus.

Wife—You are positively the most conceited man I ever met. Hub—I conceited! Woman, there's not a conceited bone in my body. Why, another man with the same abilities would be absolutely carried away with pride.—Exchange.

Foreign Students at American Colleges and Universities

The extent to which citizens of foreign nations are taking advantage of the educational opportunities offered by the United States is not generally realized. Figures recently compiled at the Bureau of Education showing the number of foreign students enrolled at 275 American universities, colleges, and technological schools in the year 1913 not only reach the surprising total of of 4,222, but show an increase of 577 over the number recorded in 274 of these same institutions in 1911. The size of this body of foreign students is brought more vividly to mind if one recalls that the total, 4,222, exceeds the total enrollment at any of the following great universities: Yale, Princeton, Ohio State, Minnesota, and Northwestern.

Several facts in connection with the distribution of these students among the various sections of the country and among the different departments of study are worthy of note. New York has the largest number found in any one State, 697. These are distributed among 19 institutions. Pennsylvania comes next with 506 students in 22 institutions. Massachusetts has 442 students in 15 institutions. The enrollment of foreign students in these three States is 1,645, or approximately 39 per cent. of the total number. The only other State having an enrollment of more than 400 is Illinois, where 412 are recorded in 12 institutions. Then come Indiana and Michigan, the former with 303 foreign students in 12 institutions, the latter with 239 in 5 institutions. California, although closer than these other States to the oriental countries which send large numbers, shows but 191 students in 7 institutions. No foreign students are recorded in the States of Delaware, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Arizona, and Idaho.

By far the largest group of foreign students is that enrolled in the undergraduate and graduate courses in Arts and Sciences. The total number is 1,700. This includes one class of professional students, those registered in schools of education, and those following special subjects in post-graduate courses with a view to teaching. The next largest number is to be found in courses in Engineering, 801. Medicine follows with 339; 303 are registered in courses in dentistry, 275 in agriculture, and 266 in theology. The relatively new professional courses in commerce and business administration show an enrollment of 95 foreign students.

Perhaps the most unexpected fact revealed by this study is the universality of the appeal of American institutions of higher education. There are 51 different countries, not counting the dependencies of the United States, Hawaii, Philippine Islands and Porto Rico, represented in this body of foreign students. Those sending the largest contingents, together with the number of students credited to each, follow:

Canada, 653; China, 564; Japan, 336; Mexico, 223; Great Britain and Ireland, 212; Cuba, 209; India, 162; Finland, 124; Germany, 122.

Every Latin American country except French Guiana has representatives in this group of foreign students. The numbers range all the way from two in the case of Uruguay and Paraguay, through 43 for Argentine, 113 for Brazil, to the Mexican total of 223.

The figures cited above for Finland and Germany indicate also that there is a considerable company from the countries of Western Europe, which have themselves well developed systems of higher education. In fact, every European country except Servia is represented in the total.

Taken as a whole this study indicates very strikingly that the United States is already making a large contribution to the profession and liberal training of all the principal civilized nations. If the same rate of increase in the number of foreign students continues a few years longer, the problem of handling them at some of our institutions will become serious.

Government Gets New Forest In White Mountains.

A little more than 33,000 acres in the White Mountains have just been approved for purchase by the government at a meeting of the national forest reservation commission.

These areas are in two separate tracts, both in Grafton county, New Hampshire, the larger containing 31,100 acres on the watershed of the Pemigewasset river, a tributary to the Merrimac. The tract comes within a mile of North Woodstock on the Boston and Maine railroad, and several good roads lead through it. The land is between 700 and 4,300 feet in elevation, and in the lower valleys are a number of abandoned farms now grown up to trees. Most of the conifers have been cut to make paper pulp, but there are good stands of beech, birch, and maple of considerable value. With fire kept out there is said to be excellent promise of a new stand of spruce. The price agreed upon by the government is $4.62 an acre including both land and timber.

The smaller purchase consists of several areas lying on the watersheds of Little River and Gale River, both tributarids of the Connecticut. These lands cover 2,000 acres and are contiguous to lands already approved for purchase; hence they go far toward giving the government a solid body of land in this locality. The price for the 2,000 acres, land and timber, is $4.00 an acres The tract is in the locality of the noted Franconia Range and is readily accessible from two railroad stations, Bethlehem and Twin Mountain. The forest has been cut over and consists chiefly of the northern hardwoods, though some spruce remains from the original stand.

At the same time that these White Mountain areas were approved, the commission also approved the purchase of the Pisgah Forest in North Carolina, from the George W. Vanderbilt estate. These tracts bring the total eastern forests up to 1,077,000 acres.

Officials of the Chicago golf clubs have formed an association for the purpose of uplifting the caddies. The first lesson, we presume, will be not to repeat all that they hear.

The Tango Case.

"My husband's father—" she began.

"Ah," remarked the great detective, "your father-in-law."

"Why," she exclaimed in wonder, "how did you know?"

"I deduced it,' exclaimed the great dectective simply.

"Well, it's about him that I came to consult you. He is rather an elderly man, quite advanced in years for a man 105, and his carryings on are worrying me. For two months now, on every Monday and Friday afternoons, he has stolen from the house immediately after luncheon and failed to return until 6 and 7 in the evening. I have tried to follow him, but he always evades me. Oh, sir, where can a man of that age go so mysteriously, so secretly? He absolutely refuses to answer questions."

The great detective pondered.

"Mondays and Fridays," he mused "Mondays and Fridays. Mon—Madam, this is Monday, is it not?"

"You are wonderful!' she exclaimed.

"Not at all," he said, modestly. "I repeat, this is Monday. Suppose you run along home and look in your father-in-law's closet and see if his tango slippers have disappeared with him. If they have that's the answer, and you can just send me a check for $6 or so.

The great detective, being somewhat of a tangomaniac himself, knew that the tango teas on the roof of the Byzantine hotel were held every Monday and Friday afternoon.—Detroit Free Press.

Odd Phrases in Odd Setting.

"I have the on the hip," as Texas Sam said to the six-shooter.

"I feel for you deeply," observed the diner, probing about in his stew for a stray oyster.

"This parting gives me pain," as the man said when he was having a troublesome tooth extracted.

"Why will you keep prying into other people's business?" demanded the cop as he collared the jimmy-using burglar.

"I can only offer you a light repast," said the Eskimo hostess as she handed a candle to each of her guests.

"You are setting us a bad example," as the algebra class said when the teacher wrote a hard quotation on the board.

"We will pursue this subject no further," declared the head warden as the escaped lunatic they were chasing leaped off the roof.

An Insult Realized.

A story in the Berliner Illustrate Zeitung describes another instance where "ignorance was bliss."

A man went to a judge and asked whether he could bring suit for slander against a man who had called him a rhinoceros.

"Why, certainly," said the judge. "When did he call you that?"

"About three years ago."

"Three years ago! And you only start suit today!"

"But, your honor, yesterday I saw a rhinoceros for the first time."

She wanted to call up the shoe store and ask if a certain style of shoe had been received.

She took down the receiver.

"What number?" said exchange.

"Narrow twos," she promptly replied. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bailey's Ingenious Way.

When the telephone bell rang the senior partner said to the junior partner:

"If that is that man Bailey, just tell him what you think of him, even if you lay yourself liable to a fine for violent language."

The junior partner relieved himself of a few abusive epithets, but presently, after a brief pause, he expressed the same sentiments, crouched in much milder terms. Said the senior partner:

"There you go, crawfishing again. Why can't you stick to what you said in the first place?"

The junior partner dropped the receiver.

"Supposing you come and say it yourself," he said.

The senior partner did so, but after a little he, too, repeated his harangue with all the backbone left out.

"It's no use," he said. "You can't swear at a man twice over the 'phone who answers your first outburst with 'I beg your pardon. I didn't quite catch that. Say it again please.' That is Bailey's way. You try to say it again, but the second time it sounds pretty rank, even in your own ears, and your tempest of rage moderates into a tranquil breeze."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Kept on "Layin"

Anthony Comstock, at a luncheon in New York, said of certain tabooed books and plays:

"The motive of these works was perhaps all right. But the expression, the form, was pad. And that spoiled the motive completely.

"Expression, form, you know, is everything. Consider how the lack of it spoined the mason's speech.

"A mason at a memorial service said of a bricklayer who had been accidentally killed:

"'Yes, gents, I looked out once on the beauties of nature, and all was ca'm. Our friend, deceased here, was layin' a brick. I looked once again and still all was ca'm, but our friend deceased, was no more. He was layin' a corpse.'"—Washington Herald.

An Improper Subject.

On a recent Sunday afternoon at a large sanitarium devoted entirely to treating tuberculosis, a young Methodist minister was preaching to the assembled patients, nurses and doctors. In a most vivid manner he was describing the great peace, contentment and happiness to be had in the world to come. Suddenly one of the patients, a girl of about 20 years of age, burst out crying.

"What is the matter?" was the general chorus, as the rest crowded around her.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I wish he would stop talking about heaven, I am here paying $18 a week just to keep out of that place."—Life.

LONDON'S "QUARTERS."

Each Trade or Profession, as a Rule, Flocks All by Itself.

Undoubtedly one of the most curious features of London is the manner in which men engaged in particular businesses and professions have congregated, for some mysterious reason, in certain streets or areas. This peculiarity is recalled by the suggestion that Harley street will before long cease to be the abode of doctors, on account of the fact that it is becoming in these days of motors too noisy.

Where, should the doctors decide to desert Harley street, they will move to is, of course, difficult to say, but it is almost safe to affirm that when they do migrate they will finally settle down again all together in some quiet corner of the metropolis.

There are many Londoners who still remember the time when London's chief doctors congregated in the neighborhood of Finsbury square, which was deserted for Harley street on account of the many businesses which set up in the former neighborhood.

There are many other curious instances, however, of the manner in which professional and business men flock together. Tottenham Court road, for instance, is the great furniture thoroughfare of the metropolis, while Long Acre is monopolized by motor car firms and carriage builders. Aviators have made Piccadilly the headquarters of the aeroplane industry, in which street the Aero club and the offices of the Aeroplane are situated, while film manufacturers have congregated in the immediate neighborhood of Charing Cross.

Why is Hatton Garden the home of diamond merchants and why do so many music hall artists insist on living at Brixton? A stroll down Holborn reveals the fact that it is a favorite street for the show rooms of bicycle manufacturers, while there are probably more typewriting firms in Queen Victoria street than any other part of the metropolis. Gerard street, Rupert street and some of the other streets in Soho appear attractive to the cinema trade, and many private theaters are found in that classic neighborhood.

Hat manufacturers seem to have a great liking for Blackfriars road, while Willesden can probably boast of more laundry firms than any other district in London. Most of the builders are in Wandsworth, the bootmakers and cabinetmakers in Bethnal Green, tanners in Bermondsey, potters in Lambeth, brewers and printers in Southwark.

Hoxton seems to be the home of jam manufacturers and Houndsditch that of toy dealers, while Clerkenwell road is the greater center of ice cream merchants, makers of street organs and mosaic floor makers. Charing Cross road is a street of bookshops and Fleet street the hub of the newspaper world. —London Tit-Bits.

Getting On.

Mother—What makes you think he is getting serious? Father—He has stopped bringing me cigars and uses my tobacco.—Judge.

Only the tired man knows the sweetness of repose.—T. W. Handford.

THE MAGNET A PUZZLE.

Science Can Make One, but Can't Explain the Change in the Metal.

Getting the magnetism into the steel so that it will stay there permanently is a long and intricate process, as Professor Silvanus Phillips Thompson describes it in the Journal of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

First of all you have to pick your steel. It must have from 5 to 8 per cent of tungsten and from 0.4 to 0.6 of carbon. It must have not more than 2.5 per cent of chromium, but it must not have any manganese, titanium, copper, sulphur or phosphorus. It is forged with as little working of the material as possible and at as low a temperature as convenient. After forging it should be heated to 900 degrees C., lowered to 750 degrees C., there maintained for a time and then cooled off. This "normalizes" it.

To harden it it is raised to 950 degrees C. for not more than five minutes, then lowered to about 700 degrees C. and quenched at this temperature in brine or at a temperature under 20 degrees C.

Then it is "matured" by boiling or steaming it for ten or twelve hours or by heating it to 60 degrees C. for twenty hours. It is alternately heated and allowed to cool off several times.

Now the steel is ready to be magnetized. If it is a bar a magnetizing coil is used; if a horseshoe, then an electromagnet is employed. It is magnetized to the highest degree possible, and there is some advantage in reversing its magnetism a few times. The result depends upon the maximum magnetizing force and not on the duration of the application. The current is not shut off suddenly, but is gradually diminished to zero. While under the influence of the current the magnet is struck with a brass hammer.

Its stability is insured by subjecting it to alternate cycles of demagnetizing and remagnetizing about the point of magnetization at which it is to remain.

What change has now taken place in the steel neither Professor Thompson nor Edison nor Tesla nor any other man can explain. The steel looks the same as it did originally; it feels the same; its weight is the same; its ring is the same; it has neither odor nor flavor. The microscope reveals no change in its structure. Chemistry fails to detect that an element has been added to or subtracted from it. And yet it will draw another piece of iron to itself and hold it there.

Nerve of a Dying Aviator.

The power of the will to control a badly injured body was never better illustrated than in the case of Dr. Constantin, a volunteer aviator in the service of the Bulgarian army, who was fatally wounded by a Turkish bullet while sailing his aeroplane over the trenches at Tchataljа. Notwithstanding the shock, the pain and the rapid hemorrhage, Dr. Constantin kept his nerve and was able to turn his aeroplane around, guide it back to the Bulgarian lines and volplane safely down among his friends. He died as the aeroplane reached the ground.—New York World.

OUR DULL SENSES

Wonders All Around Us They Are Unable to Discern.

WE LIVE IN A HIDDEN WORLD,

There Are Colors Our Eyes Cannot See and Music and Other Sounds to Which Our Ears Are Deaf, While Our Sense of Feeling Is Very Crude.

If only we had keener senses what wonders of nature would be revealed to us—wonders that we touch and know not every day of our lives! They are all around us, these hidden marvels, but imperceptible to us because of our human limitations.

Of course every one knows by now that everything we hear or see comes in a wave motion. But it is not so well known that there are a great many waves that we cannot detect at all by means of any of our senses and presumably a great many more that we have never been able to detect even artificially.

Take ether waves, for instance. We know that those of a certain length are heat waves. They can be felt, but not seen. Shorter ones are light waves, from the long red to the short violet. Even shorter ones are what are known as the ultraviolet, and these have to be detected artificially, by the taking of a picture in the dark. Even shorter ones are the X rays, which are invisible. Much longer ones than the longest heat wave are the electric waves of wireless telegraphy. Now, remember that all the waves specified differ in only one particular—that of length.

We cannot conceive of there being only waves of these wave lengths taking place in the ether. There must be waves of nearly all lengths, from the trillionth of an inch to many miles. We know that other media may have waves of various lengths going through them at the same time. The question is how to detect these other waves and what effect they have in nature.

If our bodies had better sense organs or more in number it is astonishing to think of what new sensations we should have. If the eye, for instance, could perceive a shorter wave length than the color violet and a longer one than the color red we should have numerous and beautiful colors added to the list. If we could detect still longer ones than the infra-red each one of us would be a receiving wireless station and could get all the messages sent out without other apparatus than our eyes.

It would simply be a flash of light of a hitherto unknown color appearing and disappearing in the sky. We could see it, however, even if it appeared behind us, as the electric wave goes through bodies. So convenient added vision would be ours. If we could actually see the X rays we should need no platino-barium-cyanide screen to look through to see the bones in our hands under the ray, as we do at present.

If the ear was more delicate and our brains more sensitive we could perceive the thousand and one wave lengths made in the air around us, of which we now are unconscious. The rapid vibration of an insect's wing would probably furnish us with even more cery music than the mosquito's song. The wind as it blows across a wide meadow would give us a basso unheard at present. The soft falling of snow would make the softest and most beautiful music to our senses. It would be like a whisper in its lowness, but would be rather high pitched, like a Japanese tinkle a mile away. The falling of the rain would be louder and even more high pitched.

Our very electric lights, run by an alternating current and consequently getting dimmer and brighter a hundred times a second, would cause sound waves of low pitch and low amplitude in the air, but would give a known musical note.

If our sense of touch was more delicate we could feel the roughnesses along the surface of the smoothest mirror, for it has them. We should be able to detect small particles in the air that now brush us by unconsciously. The breeze on our cheek would feel like so many tiny balls of paper rushing and rattling by. The body would feel every thread of the texture of the garments covering it. Some of these things, of course, would not be pleasant until we got used to them.

It is the idea of some philosophers that an actual heaven would be an increase in our perceptions and senses to an enormous power, for then we should certainly live in a different world, one far surpassing in knowledge and pleasure and power the one we live in—and yet it would be actually the same world, the difference being simply in our power to cognize it.—A. L. Hodges in Chicago Record-Herald.

An Easy Job.

Visitor—I understand that your boy is studying to be an electrical engineer? Farmer—Well, I advised him to take it up. I heard some fellers say that nobody really knew much about electricity, so I thought mebbe Joe would have some chance of passin' examinations!—London Express.

The Professor Was Wrong.

Several decades ago a learned professor delivered a course of lectures, in one of which he proved to his own satisfaction that the Atlantic ocean could never be crossed by steam. Steam power had been discovered and applied on land, but he was confident it could never be applied to the ocean. Under the peculiar conditions of the heaving tides, the danger of storms, the rolling of the tide, and so forth you could never apply steam to navigation across the Atlantic. The book in which that lecture was published was on the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic. The captain took it along as a sort of curiosity. That book did not have a very large sale, but there has been quite a run of steamers ever since, and the professor ceased to argue that steam could not be utilized on the ocean.—Christian Herald.

MOUNTAINS OF IGNORANCE.

Present School Methods, Says a Scientist, Will Never Level Them.

There is not money enough in the entire world to make impression against the astonishing mountains of ignorance. In this great United States of America a one in 10,000 perhaps have never heard that the universe is run by laws and does not know that there are laws of nature. Entire millions are born, pass through a lifetime in this otherwise beautiful world and die without really having seen anything. Their eyes see objects, motions and natural operations, but their minds are completely blank, so far as knowing of what they are viewing.

"Education"—it is painful to mar pure white paper with this word. The present appalling system of forcing children to study branches against which nature has decreed, thus permanently injuring their minds, natures and personalities, ought to be punished by some newly enacted law. They put a number of totally unlike children in the same class and expect unlike beings to learn like subjects and all in the same time to be able to withstand the present brain curdling methods of "examination."

If all nations on earth should suddenly stop war and the manufacture of alcohol and use every dollar in the attempt to educate each child separately some faint impression could be made against the enormous ranges of mountains of ignorance. Each child hereafter born could perhaps have at least one law of nature repeated within hearing. And each child born to mathematics could have instruction in mathematics by teachers knowing something of the mentality of the student.

A fine watch would not be taken to a blacksmith; a costly dynamo would not be for an instant placed in charge of one not knowing the laws ruling the machine. Yet far more delicate mechanisms, the minds of children, are placed under domination of teachers not knowing child nature.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

A PLACE NOT ON THE MAP.

Yet Girlville Is a Pleasant Place, With Some Drawbacks.

Girlville—a pleasant, alluring little hamlet on the road to the tablelands of Matrimony, with a branch line that connects with the Old Maid range of foothills.

At one time this place depended almost entirely upon nature for its appearance. Bucolic colors were predominant, and there was a simplicity about it very pleasing and restful to the eye. Of late years, however, the city painters and decorators have come in and with their colors have given it a smart, artificial appearance, which for many old fashioned people has largely curtailed its charm. Girlville, indeed, now has a reputation for cheap display which no other place can hope to rival.

Girlville at one time was governed almost entirely by an eminently respectable body called elders, but it has long since scornfully discarded their help and governs itself, or, at least, claims the right to do so.

Its principal industries are ragtime, fiction, silk stockings, velvet slippers and red paint. There is also a large spoon factory on the edge of the town. An appeal to the legislature to have the name Girlville changed to Chatterfield was refused on the ground that Chatterville and Girlville are already synonymous.

The inhabitants of Girlville are extremely restless and fickle. Not satisfied with the place, they are constantly attempting to leave it and, after leaving, to get back again.—Thomas L. Masson in Life.

Macaroni as a Food.

The rank which macaroni holds as a food is shown by the following comparison: As an energy producer it outranks lean steak, for it contains 1,650 calories of energy to the pound, while the steak has but 950. While macaroni costs from 10 to 15 cents a pound and contains only 7 to 10 per cent of moisture which is wasted, the lean steak contains 70 to 75 per cent of waste moisture. Comparing macaroni, further, with the ordinary vegetables, in point of view of energy, it is found that white potatoes contain but 305 calories, spinach 95, turnips 160, cabbage 115, onions 190, lettuce 65.

She Was Deliberate.

It is said Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, the famous author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," made a habit of leaving at her bank the manuscript of each of her stories as soon as it was completed. It would remain there perhaps six months, and then she would call for it and see how the story affected her after that lapse of time. If it pleased her the manuscript was sent to the publisher. Otherwise it was rewritten or thrown away.

From the Heart.

Musical comedy writer's wife on the first night, bitterly:

"Willie, do you know you've provided your heroine with eight different costumes in this piece already, though it's only the second act and you don't give me half that many in a whole year?"—New York Post.

Dressing Leather.

One of the earliest occupations of mankind was the dressing of leather, and it is remarkable that Canadian Indians, Laplanders and Africans dress skins remarkably well, although their processes and means are necessarily of the rudest kind.—Detroit Free Press.

A Submarine View.

"My," said the little mermaid, "what's the cause of all this commotion?"

"Oh," replied Neptune, with a smile, "it's merely an ocean greyhound chasing a couple of catboats."—Florida Times-Union.

A Sure Thing.

She—Did father **say anything** about you being too young? He—Well, yes, but he said I'd age pretty rapidly after we were married and I found I had to pay your bills.—Illustrated Bits.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.—Old Saying.

Land Leeches of Ceylon.

Beautiful Ceylon has mosquitoes said to be the most adroit and audacious in the world and snakes and a thousand more plagues of poor human beings, but the worst of them all is a species of leech. The Ceylon land leech is a thin creature about two inches long and very nimble and flexible. It will crawl up a man's leg and, traveling underneath the clothing, will climb as high as the throat. These leeches do not crawl like the leeches that are known to medicine, but rear themselves up on their tails to watch for prey and walk off to attack it with amazing rapidity. In walking through the jungle hosts of them may be seen by the roadside, where they wait to victimize cattle. Horses, it is said, are driven half wild by them, as also are palanquin bearers and coolies, whose bare legs are their favorite resort, the men's hands being too engaged to pull them off. The leeches may be seen hanging round their ankles, from which tiny trickles of blood run over the foot.—London Standard.

One of His Own Books.

At the height of his vogue Dumas could not turn out his tales fast enough to satisfy his clamoring publishers, and it became necessary for him to employ collaborators, to whom he sketched the plot, perhaps, leaving them to do the rest. Among the most distinguished was Paul Meurice.

Thus it came about that Meurice was the author of one of the most amusing novels of Dumas. Dumas when traveling found this novel in a hotel and opened it to pass away the time. He began reading it seriously, got interested in it and was amused. Presently some one came to his room and found him with his own book in his hand.

"I am reading," said Dumas in response to a question, "a novel of my own which I did not know and which pleases me vastly."

It was Dumas who said when left to himself, "I am never bored when I have my own company."—New York Tribune.

The Selfish Skipper.

"I will not stop to tow you off. I have fish aboard."

This was the answer returned by the captain of a fishing steamer to the signal of distress from a pilot boat on the rocks at the entrance of the Golden Gate. No one will deny that it was a heartless answer, but it is an answer that is being constantly given in all the relations of life. All around pilot boats are on the rocks or suffering pain, but the fishing boat sails by unheeding because it has fish aboard and has no time to stop and throw out a towline. How many fishing boats there are that refuse a word of kindness and counsel, a friendly hand, a smile of encouragement! How many fishing boats there are that are blind, deaf or indifferent to the hopes, aspirations and struggles of those who are on the rocks!

"We can't stop. We have fish on board."—Portland (Ore.) Journal.

The Effort of His Life a Failure.

W. S. Gilbert had a novel experience before he wrote for the stage, when he was a barrister waiting for his first brief. It was long in coming, and when it did come Mr. Gilbert determined, of course, to make the effort of his life.

He was intrusted with the prosecution of an old Irish woman for stealing a coat, and when he began the speech that he had prepared and rehearsed so carefully the old dame at once began to interject: "Oh, ye divil! Sit down!"

"Sure, now, he's a loiar, yer honor!" "Sit down, ye spalpeen!" "He's known to all the perlice, yer honor!" After some minutes of this abuse Gilbert asked the recorder's intervention, but that official was too busy laughing. So the effort of his life was not a success.

Women Barbers.

In Gay's "Journey to Exeter," published in 1715, it is told how after passing Morcombe's lake the travelers reach Axminster, where they sleep. The next morning—

We rise; our beards demand the barber's art.
A female enters and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skillful hands bedeck.
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroked the beard of Jove.

—London Notes and Queries.

Ear Wagging.

Only animals with long and drooping ears are able to wag them. A rabbit, for instance, can do what it likes with its ears, dropping one or both and laying them flat along its back when dashing through thick cover. Hares are still more brisk in ear movements. But short eared beasts, like weasels and stoats, are unable to wag their ears in any degree, although they have enough ear to wag if they had the power.

Consolation.

"Why so gloomy looking, Madge, dear?"

"Jack has thrown me over for a girl with more money."

"Oh, there, cheer up! That's no sign that he doesn't love you."—Boston Transcript.

Slow.

Crawford (in fashionable restaurant)—Don't order anything for me. I'm not hungry. Crabshaw—But you will be by the time the waiter brings it.—Life.

Explained.

Mrs. Wayback (reading)—Hiram, what air these Russian steppes? Mr. Wayback—One o' them newfangled dances, I s'pose.—Dallas News.

Fragile.

"She has a complexion like Dresden china."

"Yes, and it is like Dresden china in another way."

"What is that?"

"If she's not careful with it it will crack."—Baltimore American.

Don't put too fine a point on your wit for fear it should get blunted.—Cervantes.

ONE SORT OF MURDER.

It Doesn't Take Human Life, but It Shortens Its Usefulness.

Several well known financial men were talking the other day when the name of a man well known in the street for his proclivity to take up valuable time of friends with useless discussions about nothing was mentioned.

One of the men in the party prominent in business and finance at once burst out with: "That man! He's a murderer."

"What's that?" said another. "I never heard that he had killed any one unless he talked them to death."

"I mean just what I say. He's a murderer on the installment plan," came the answer.

The speaker was begged to explain, and he said: "I have just so many days to live, and all of them are filled with business of importance. That man comes in and steals my time, and I claim that he has just as much murdered me as if some time in the future he had struck me down, for the time he talks with his nonsense is that much gone out of my life and is lost. I say that he is a murderer on the installment plan."

And when the other members of the party recalled the many times they had been treated in the same way by the man under discussion they agreed with the first man in his verdict.—Wall Street Journal.

LONDON'S UGLY CHURCH.

The First Sacred Edifice in the World to Be Lighted by Gas.

Readers of "Our Mutual Friend" will remember that Dickens gives a whimsical description of St. John's, Westminster, when referring to the home of the doll's dressmaker, Miss Jenny Wren.

"In this region," he writes, "are a certain little street called Church street and a certain little blind square called Smith square, in the center of which last retreat is a very hideous church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back, with its legs in the air."

Lord Chesterfield said St. John's reminded him of an elephant with its legs in the air, and Charles Mathews likened it to a dining table in the same position.

St. John's enjoys the distinction of being the first sacred edifice in the world to be lit by gas. As may be imagined, the introduction of the new illuminant was deeply resented by many conservative spirits, some of whom went so far as to describe it as a sacrilege.—Manchester (England) Courier.

Varieties of Bridges.

Bridges are seen hanging over rivers and upon noses. They also span some streets. They should not be confused with the game called bridge, which spans only time and money. Some bridges, like poker, depend entirely upon the draw. Bridges spend their time in heaving up and down and leaning against their towers. The object of bridges is to give very one a chance to get back from where he has been, or to go whence he can get back. Sometimes bridges are built over railroad tracks and spend all their time in saving people from being run over. A bridge which is thus employed is very happy, because it leads an upright life; also because the railroad company was sad when obliged to put it there.

Bridges are also used over chasms. Every chasm ought to have one. It provides a place for children to fall from; also it gives the chasm something to look up to.—Life.

Friendliness of London.

There is no friendliness like the friendliness of London. Six or seven years ago I went rather frequently to a certain tea shop, which has every afternoon a crowd of men inking their tea and playing dominoes and chess. We used to talk occasionally, but none of us ever knew the name of any of the others. Then for five years I did not go near the place until one day when I dropped in almost by accident. At once there was a greeting and a welcome from at least half a dozen. The other day I went in again after another absence of six months, and the greeting was the same. This will do to tell those people who insist that London is an unfriendly place.—London Citizen.

Nicely Explained.

A second hand picture dealer was trying to sell what he described as a genuine Raphael.

"The signature does not look like Raphael," remarked the prospective customer after using his magnifying glass. "It reads more like 'Rachel!'"

"Ah," said the dealer, "I will tell you the history of that. When Raphael painted that picture he was heavily in debt, so he put it in the wife's name for safety."—Argonaut.

No Chicken Herself.

Miss Sweetner—Isn't it laughable to see the youthful mrs Fan Billiwink gives herself? She must be at least ten years older than I am. Miss Capsicum—Fully. And you wouldn't tear under the wing, you know, either.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Improving Slowly.

"How is your cousin getting on, Jane?"

"Nicely, thank you, ma'am, but he had an awful time. They performed three autopsies on him at the hospital before he began to get better."—Baltimore American.

Didn't Agree With Him.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him.

"If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—London Express.

Punishment by Pillory.

In the year 1837 the British parliament passed an act that put an end to punishment by pillory. Previous to the conquest this particular instrument of correction was in use in England and went by the name of the "stretch neck." It consisted of a wooden frame erected on a stool in which were three holes for the head and arms. For days together offenders against the common law were thus exposed to public view. In 1685 Titus Oates was sentenced to be pilloried for five days in every year during the rest of his life. Another famous sufferer was Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," who stood for three days in the pillory in Cheapside. It happened on occasions that the offender died while undergoing his sentence. During the time of exposure the condemned man was not allowed to receive food of any sort or description. The last occasion on which a pillory sentence was passed was in 1814.—London Globe.

How Oil Calms the Waves.

An impression prevails that great quantities of oil are required to calm the sea, but Professor Ray Lankester of England suggests that a pint of oil an hour will secure a zone of calm water around a ship sufficient for the safe launching of small boats. According to this authority, nine pints of oil are sufficient to calm a square mile of water, and, incredible as it may appear, one drop will calm seven square feet! The oil spreads out over the surface of the sea in a film which has the almost unimaginable thickness of two-millionths of a millimeter, yet it holds in leash the mighty power of the ocean. When this film of oil spreads over the surface the heaping up action of the water, which results in the formation first of ripples and then of waves, cannot take place. The thinner the film the greater is its effect in pulling down the crests of the waves and making a lower wave line, free from break.—Harold Waters in Leslie's.

What the Tweed Divides.

The difference between English and Scotch inheritance law is very wide. For instance, supposing a man dies intestate and his only living relatives are his wife and mother. In England each would take equal shares of his personal estate, but in Scotland the wife gets one-half of the movable estate, the mother one-sixth, and two-sixths go to the crown.

But supposing the mother alone is living. In England she would get the whole, but in Scotland she would only get one-third, while the other two-thirds would go to the crown.

Then, again, if a man dies intestate and his father and several brothers and sisters are living, in England the father gets the lot, but in Scotland he only gets one-half, while the other half is divided equally among the brothers and sisters of the deceased.—Pearson's Weekly.

Wagner's Search For a Pawnshop.

Wagner's worst experience of poverty was during his sojourn in Paris in 1840, when he had to pawn all that he and his wife possessed of any value. "I looked up the French equivalent for a pawnshop," he relates in his autobiography, "as I was too shy to make inquiries. The only word I could find in my little dictionary was 'lombard.' On the map of Paris I found a very small thoroughfare called 'Rue des Lombards,' and thither I went only to find the expedition fruitless. Often on reading the inscription 'Mont de Piete' I felt curious to know its meaning. Eventually, to my great delight, I learned that this 'Berg der Froemmigkeit' was where I should find salvation, and there we now carried all we possessed in the way of silver."—London Chronicle.

Admit They Are Great.

In an address to the Canadian club in Montreal, James Bryce said: "I do not think it would be advisable for me to say much, for I have the good fortune to be a Scotchman myself. I won't pursue the theme of what contributions Scotchmen should be able to make to Canada's literature and science for the very simple reason which was given by a friend of mine, who said, 'I never argue with Scotchmen that they are a great nation—they admit it.'"

His Weakness.

"Have you ever invested in mining stocks that were to pay 100 per cent in less than a year?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I overheard a man say the other day that he didn't believe you had ever done a foolish thing in your life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Still Waiting.

Tom, who had lent John $5, one day asked, "John, ain't it time you paid me that $5?"

"'Tain't due yet," said John.

"But you promised to pay me when you got back from New York."

"Well, I ain't been thar yit."—St. Louis Republic.

Chained Books.

The finest known collection of chained books is that in Hereford (England) cathedral. It includes about 2,000 volumes arranged in five bookcases, of which not less than 1,500 are secured by chains three or four feet long, each with a swivel in the center.

The Wiles of Women.

There are two possible things that a woman can do if a man proposes to her, but there are more than 2,000,000 she can do if he doesn't.—London Tit-Bits.

Truth and honesty set a limit to our efforts which impudence and hypocrisy easily overleap.—Hazlitt.

Sure It Is.

A little West One Hundred and Forty-ninth street tailoring shop has the following hand written placard in its window:

We press your pants for 5 cts.
It's a Singel
—New York World.

To be occupied with good is the best defense against the inroads of evil.—William Arnot.

SOLAR ENERGY.

Its Constant Radiation Is Lessening the Mass of Our Sun.

The work of Einstein on the principle of relativity shows that a body which radiates energy loses a portion of its mass depending on the energy radiated. It follows that the sun, which continually radiates energy, is constantly losing mass. M. J. Bosler has calculated that the sun loses a mass equal to that of our earth in 30,000,000 years.

If it be assumed that the mass thus lost is gravitational mass it follows that the length of the year increases by six seconds in 1,000,000 years and that in the same time the mean longitude of the earth is affected in such a way as to produce a variation of one-tenth of a year—that is, a retardation of thirty-six days in the seasons.

Such variations are too minute to be observable. In stellar systems possessing a higher temperature the effect would be much more marked, for the energy radiated by a body varies as the fourth power of its absolute temperature.

If, as M. Nordmann believes, there exist stars having a temperature six or seven times that of our sun their radiation is one or two thousand times as intense. Thus, if the temperature of Algol is 13,800 degrees, it is calculated that at the end of 2,000 years the eclipses of Algol suffer a retardation of about twelve minutes.—Boston Herald.

RULE OF THE GLOVE.

Queer Custom of Suspending the Law in an English Town.

By reason of a curious custom the people of the old town of Honiton, in Devonshire, England, are exempt from arrest from dawn to sunset of a certain day of the year. It is while the horse fair there is in progress that the law is thus suspended for awhile. The custom is a survival of a quaint and picturesque ceremonial dating from the days of King Henry III.

At the beginning of the fair the town crier, in the gorgeous dress of a beadle of the old days, appears upon the scene with a pole to the end of which is attached a large gilt glove decked with flowers. Having rung his handbell three times, the crier announces:

"Oyez, oyez, oyez! The fair is begun. The glove is up; no man may be arrested until the glove is down. God save the king!"

Each sentence is chorused by the children standing round, and at the conclusion they scramble for nuts. The glove is taken down at sunset.—St. Louis Republic.

Mme. Adam and the Crinoline.

Mme. Adam has been confiding to an interviewer that she owed her introduction to journalism to the fact that she did not wear a crinoline at the time when fashion decreed the garment. Alphonse Karr, who objected to the crinolines, had been denouncing them in his journal, but had concluded his denunciation with the sentence, "Still, there is not a pretty woman in France who does not wear one." Whereupon Mme. Adam, who was then Mlle. Lambert, took up her pen and wrote: "Mr. Editor—One may be pretty—some people even say that I am beautiful—and yet one may abstain from crinolines." And she went on to develop the thesis. She developed it so wittily that Alphonse Karr printed it in Le Siecle and that was her first contribution to the periodical press of which she has since been one of the pillars.—Westminster Gazette.

Women and Tipping.

That women are close fisted when it comes to tipping is the consensus of opinion of all waiters. "I was on duty in the pen—the upstairs room where women are served—all last week," said a waitress in one of the popular priced restaurants, "and I hardly saw a nickel from one week's end to the other. They never give you anything, but I thought the limit was reached when I saw a well dressed woman deliberately pick up a dime which a young man, inveigled up there by his feminine companion, had left on the table for me. I wasn't bashful about telling her that it was mine, and she handed it over without a word—but it just shows you one of their lovely little ways."—New York Tribune.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in explation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—London Standard.

The Dissemblers.

Gibbs—I'd really like to know the secret of social success. Dibbs—My boy, there are numerous secrets of social success, but one of the most important is to be able to pretend you are having a good time when you're not.—Boston Transcript.

Poor Woman.

"I have to laugh every time I see that man."

"He can't help his looks."

"I know; but his wife thinks every other woman is trying to lure him away from her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Most people fancy themselves innocent of those crimes of which they cannot be convicted.—Seneca.

Defectives.

"Here's a story about a man with a cork leg, a cork arm, a rubber ear, a glass eye and a wig."

"He must be one of those defectives there's so much agitation about."—Buffalo Express.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Minuteness of Electrons.

Crookes, in his vacuum tubes around 1880, tore matter by means of very high potential electrical disruptive discharges into particles so inconceivably minute that he called them matter in the ultra gaseous, or fourth state.

In 1899 the modern master among minds proved these particles to be themselves electricity. Rutherford, Ramsay, Becquerel, Soddy, the Curies, Larmor and others confirmed the mighty discovery. Then came Robert Andrews Millikan, University of Chicago, in 1911, and astonished every scientific man in the world by actually isolating and weighing one of these excessively minute entities.

This was at once conceded to be the greatest work of man since Newton discovered how to use infinitesimals. Of these particles, if they could be forced to lie side by side in contact—impossible by man—a row one inch long would contain 12,700,000,000,000. They are known to be pure electricity. They are called electrons, and nothing exists but electrons.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

A Revelation to Cricketers.

The technique of baseball is profoundly interesting to the student of the dynamics of games. Some years ago the bowling, or rather "pitching," was revolutionized. It was then made legal to throw the ball. Hence the wonderful armor which the catcher wears. But mere pace soon gave way to graduated pace and swerving. Never in the history of sport has the human hand shown such control over an implement as the hand of a pitcher over the flight of the ball. Much superstition has gathered round this and many fabulous performances, corkscrew swerves, swerves reversed, jumping balls, and so forth, are on the lips of crowds. Being allowed no run, as the bowler is at cricket, the pitcher has brought to a fine art the mechanism of position and delivery. The same is true of the batter, who has to deal with full pitches only, very different from bouncing balls. The attitudes of these men are a revelation to cricketers.—London Spectator.

A Picture of Your Voice.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the wide end of a tin trumpet. Hold it with the sheet of paper upward, take a thin pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper, hold the trumpet vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end. Do not blow, but sing the note. Lower the trumpet carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers; some look like snakes and others like flying birds. In fact, there is no limit to the variation.

Where the Hudson Flows.

Not so very long ago, in a geologic sense, the Hudson river flowed through a deep canyon or gorge at New York city. Soundings show that this gorge extends through the harbor and far out to sea. It is evident that the land surface has been lowered in this region, allowing the ocean to creep in on the land, fill the old river channel and in places wholly submerge it. The submergence of the land was greater at one time than it is now. In excavations for some of the New York skyscrapers remains of oysters and other salt water animals have been found. As a rule, the only available knowledge in regard to the former submergence of an area is derived from the marine shells and other animals found in deposits laid down by the sea.

No Space to Spare.

Mrs. Ellis had been house hunting for several days and at last found a small suit which was somewhere near her modest ideal.

"The paper in the hall is just awful," said Mrs. Ellis, as she was telling her husband about the place that evening, "but the landlord said he wouldn't change it."

"Never mind," said Mr. Ellis cheerfully, "we'll get an inexpensive new one and put it on right over the other."

"Oh, Ben," cried the wife, "we can hardly get our furniture through the entry now, it's so narrow!"—New York Post.

Theater Prices Long Ago.

In Shakespeare's day the ordinary prices for seats in theaters were: Boxes 1 shilling, pit sixpence, gallery twopence, which, making allowance for the difference in money values, means that boxes were cheaper, but that for other parts of the house the charges were about the same as they are today. Sunday afternoons, when new plays were usually presented, all prices were doubled.—London Chronicle.

What He Meant.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it? Hobo—I'm like do little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb. Housewife—G'wan! You're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb? Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum.

Alum as a Charm.

Alum is worn as a charm in parts of Asia Minor. A triangular piece is placed in a case of silver and worn suspended from a string about the neck.

How His Mind Ran.

Senior—What do you think of the Culebra cut? Freshman—Well—er—I never tried it. The sophs won't let me smoke a pipe.—Pelican.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—Shakespeare.

Repartee.

Magistrate (to offending motorist)—You are fined 40 shillings. Motorist—All right, old man. You must take it out of a liver. Magistrate—You are now fined £5. Anything more to say? Motorist—By Jove, sir, no! You're too quick at repartee.—London Sketch.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed. 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1914.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society. —E. M. T.—Continued.

1658. Greene, John, Surgeon, died, one of the first settlers of Warwick, & ancestor of 2 Gov'rs, of R. I., of Same Name, also of Gen'l Nath'l Greene, & Senator C. Greene.

1677. Greewich, East, Incorporated.

1677. Gorton, Samuel, died, leaving 3 sons 6 dau'rs.

1690. Greene, John 2d. Deputy Gov'r, also in 1691, 92, 93, & 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, & 99.

1698. Governor's Salary fixed at Thirty Pounds.

1702. Goal ordered to be built in Newport.

1711. Greene, Richard, Warwick, Assist. died, Job Greene elected in his place.

1714. George 1st Electors of Burnswick Lyndenburg, becomes King.

1715. Godfrey, Mary 1st, female born in the colony, died Ap. 14, ag. 77 y'rs.

1730. Goal in Newport Brickwall ordered built around.

1740. Gardner, Rev. Joseph, Colleague of Mr. Clapp, 1st. Congregational Church.

1741. Greene, Wm. Dep. Gov'r also 1742.

1741. Greenwich, West, Incorporated.

1742. Greene, Gen'l Nathaniel, born at Potowomut, May 22d.

1743. Greene, Wm. Gov'r, also in 1744.

1744. Gardner, John, Treasurer, Gen'l.

1744. Sep. 17 Gunpowder, by an explosion of, on Col. Malbone's wharf. Messr's Wm. Coddington, Sueton Grant, & John Gidley were killed, or died from their injuries.

1741. Sep. 17. Gidley, Wm, was son of Judge G., of the Admiralty Court.

1741. Sep. 17. Grant, Mr. was Grandfather of Late Christopher Grant Champlin, & of Mrs. Doct. Mason.

1745. Gardner, John, Treasurer, 46 & 47.

1746. Greene, Wm. Gov'r also 1748-49-50-51-52-53-54-57.

1754. Gardner, John, Dep. Gov'r also 1757 to 1763.

1758. Greene, Gov. died, Feb. 22, at Warwick.

1759. Granary, Lottery granted for building in Newport.

1761. Gale. A storm, greater than any previously known occurred, on the 23d of Oct. doing great damage to Shipping & blowing down, Trinity Ch Steeple.

To be continued.

MASON.—Would like addition to the following note—W. R.

JENKS MASON, son of Christopher and Anna (Chase) Mason, Christopher, Christopher, Benjamin, Sampson) born in Swanson, Mass., Feb. 26, 1762; Married first Sybil Wood, born Jan. 23, 1764. Daughter of Jonathan and Lillis (Wood) Wood (David, Thomas, Thomas, John of Portsmouth.) He married second Elizabeth Cory, 1799. Jenks Mason died Dec. 26, 1819 as shown by a monument painted by his daughter Artemisia.

Children of Jenks and Sybil (Wood) Mason.

I. Mercy, born March 14, 1786.
II. Lydia, born March 7, 1788.
III. Daniel, born about 1789; Married Esther died at Camillus, N. Y., in 1819.
IV. Allen, about 1794 died young at sea.
V. Ira, born Feb. 14, 1795.
VI. Anna, born Jan. 22, 1797.

Children of Jenks and Elizabeth (Cory) Mason.

VII. Harriet, born March 17, 1800.
VIII. Jenks, died in infancy.
IX. Sybil Seviah, born Dec. 1, 1804.
X. Mary Arnold, born Dec. 29, 1805.
XI. Caroline E., born died.
XII. Artemisia, born June 28, 1808.
XIII. Ruhama, born March 25, 1810.
XIV. Emily Jenks, born Sept. 10, 1812. Died young.
XV. Christopher Allen, born 1814; Died April 10, 1896.

Queries.

7862. a. HOWLAND.—Would like to know whom John Howland, Mayflower Pilgrim, married. A paper we have says Elizabeth Carver, daughter of Gov. John Carver, while the book "Standish of Standish," by Jane G. Austin, says Elizabeth Tilley, daughter of John Tilley.

b. John Howland of the Mayflower had a son John who had a grandson, Rev. John Howland. Who were the parents of Rev. John Howland?—H. W. H.

7863. DELANO.—Philip de la Noye who arrived at Plymouth in 1621, had a grandson Ebenezer Delano. Who were the parents of Ebenezer Delano? —D. J.

7864. LAWTON, SHERMAN.—I want any facts that can be given concerning the life of Elizabeth Lawton who married July 25, 1657, Peleg Sherman of Portsmouth, R. I. She was daughter of Thomas Lawton, but I would like any further facts that are known concerning her ancestry.—F. L. C.

7865. JENNE, SHERMAN.—Daniel Sherman their son, married, according to my record, Sarah Jenne, born May 21, 1672. I would like confirmation of this statement. She was daughter of John of Dartmouth. Does anyone know the name of her mother. Paige's Hardwick says this John was son of Samuel or John, and grandson of John the imigrant. Is there any later and more definite information?—F. L. C.

7866. WYATT.—Information is desired of the descendants or relatives of Caroline Wyatt, wife of Joseph of Boston, who died April 13, 1849, at Providence, R. I.—T. A. N.

7867. WILLIAMS.—I would like the English ancestry of Governor Roger Williams of Providence and to know how he was related to Oliver Cromwell if this claim be true.—M. A. B.

7868. Where can I get definite information about "The Fighting Quakers of the Revolutionary times and of the expulsion from the Quaker Church Philadelphia, of these men, including Samuel Elliot because of their services in the war?—K. D.

7869. THOMPSON—Can anyone interested in the name of Thompson tell me to what family Solomon Thompson, born Dec. 29, 1766, Conway, N. H., married Shuah ——, probably Mason, and died in Conway, N. H., May 29, 1798, bolonged? Any information will be gratefully received.—G. L. H.

7870. HOLCOMB—I desire to know the parents of Abraham Holcomb, born 1753, in Canaan, Conn., served in Revolutionary War, married Betsey Bosworth, and settled in Chenango Co., N. Y.—T. P. D.

7871. HILTON, LIBBY—Can anyone give me ancestors of Abigail Hilton who married Charles Libby of Berwick, Me., Dec. 27, 1747 Libby was son of Benjamin and Sarah Stone Libby.—E. J. L.

7872. WHIPPLE—Can anyone interested in the Whipple Family tell me to what branch Rebecca Whipple belonged? She was born about 1702, and died 1751, married 1731, John Bishop, in New London, Conn. She named sons William, John, Peter and Timothy.—H. G. W.

7873. BREWER—Information wanted about Ebenezor Brower who came from Cape Broton Island to Hennikér or Claremont, N. H., about 1770; first wife Matilda (?) second Mary Chase, daughter of Gen. Jonathan Chase.—E. A. C.

7874. PICKERING—Colonel Timothy Pickering was born at Salem, Mass., July 12, 1745. Would like to learn his wife's name and birthplace, and the time of her death. Any such information will be gratefully received.—S. A. P.

7840. PRUDENCE ISLAND—I have looked several books over, and cannot seem to find, who named Prudence Island. Can any one answer this question?

Can you also tell me, where brigindally, Sandy Point Light house stood and when they moved it to Prudence Island.—C. E. A.

ANSWERS.

7846. PECKHAM—Mary Peckam? Caleb; Philip; was John born July 21, 1745, at Newport, R. I., died Jan. 14, 1773, at Kingston, R. I., m. Oct. 26, 1766,—as a second wife—John Clarke Newport, R. I., 1734, died Apr. 9, 1798, buried in Clarke Cemetery at Kingston Hill, R. I., children by this wife three.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent

The Town Council and Court of Probate met Monday afternoon June 8th with all the members present. A petition signed by Bradford Norman and others asking that the council consent as provided in Chapter 47. Section 7 of the General Laws, to the calling of a special Town Meeting to rescind from the Vote passed at the financial Town Meeting, converting the Town Hall into a school room, and also to consider an appropriation to build a grammer school house, was granted, the date of the meeting to be June 27th.

The assessors presented a list of unpaid taxes and recommended that they be abated. The request was referred to the Special Town Meeting. The petitions of Max Greenshaw, Thomas C. Acton, Jacob Morganstein, and Abraham Sachnoff each for a license to peddle fruit and vegetables, and of William Shattock and Charles Horsman, each for a license to maintain a victualling house, were granted. Fee $5 each.

Berkeley A. Wyatt and Charles Thomas presented petitions to sell fireworks from first to the fourth of July, inclusive, which were granted.

John B. Cornell was appointed to raise the flag on Holidays and all other days.

Voted to meet June 23d to canvas the Voting List and purge the Jury box.

The agreement with Joseph McComick in relation to crushing stone was signed.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid: John B. Cornell, assistance to outside poor, $13; B. W. Storrs, M. D., attendance on Mrs. Harriet Levenseller, $31; T. T. Pitman Corporation, advertising town meeting and assessors' notice, $25.88; John L. Borden, assessors salary, $2; John E. Manchester, re-setting flag pole in front of Town Hall, $17.83; Charles Carr, repairs on highway, Dist. No. 2, $78.75; William H. Tallman, Dist No. 3. $168.04; Isaac L. Fish, District No. 4, $30.59; Fred A. Coggeshall, salary as auditor for the year ending May 1st, 1914, $9.

In Court of Probate the first and final account of Benjamin C. Sherman, administrator of the estate of Herbert Alton Sherman, was allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of Jennie A. Gilmore, executrix of the will of Alfred Sisson, for permission to sell real estate, referred to this meeting, was allowed, said property if sold at private sale, to be not for less than $20,000; bond $10,000; surety American Surety Company.

The first and final account of Bernard U. Potter, administrator on the estate of John S. Potter, was referred to July 13 with an order of notice.

Margaret H. Slack, guardian of the person and estate of Frank H. Slack, presented a petition for permission to mortgage certain real estate belonging to herself and her ward. This was also referred to July 13th with an order of notice.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis J. Murphy, who went to Maine for the benefit of Mr. Murphy's health, have returned home, the change not being beneficial.

About fifteen members of the Junior Auxiliary of St. Paul's Church, with Rev. Anson B. Howard and Mrs. Frederick C. Cooke, attended the general meeting at Trinity Church on Saturday, where twenty branches were represented. The young people were later taken to see some of the historic sites (or sights) of the city.

Bishop Perry was present at St. Paul's Church Sunday afternoon and conducted the service, assisted by the rector, Rev. Anson B. Howard. Bishop Perry confirmed a class of nine candidates. The vested choir sang the service.

Rev. John Cornell preached at St. Mary's Church in the absence of Rev. Frederick W. Goodenough.

Mr Roundy, of Fall River, and Mr. Cyrus R. Estes, students at the Moses Brown School, have been guests of the latter's parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Estes.

Miss Laura Wadsworth has gone to Eastham, Mass., to spend a week with her brother.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To the Heirs at Law of Hannah M. Peck, and all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Hannah M. Peck to Henry C. Anthony, dated October 31st, A. D. 1885, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I., Registry of Deeds, book 12, pages 188-190, and for breach of the conditions in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

MONDAY, July 6th, 1914,

at 2.30 o'clock p. m., the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows, viz:

A certain lot or tract of land situate in said Tiverton and bounded and described as follows, viz: Northerly by land of Thomas Kirkpatrick; Easterly and Southerly by land of Sarah C. Manchester, and Westerly by the Town Hall road and containing what it may. It being the same land conveyed to me by Esther J. Manchester by deed dated Sept. 23d, A. D. 1889, and recorded in the Land Records of Tiverton, R. I., Book 34, Folio 318 and 319, to which deed reference may be made for a more particular description.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever.

Terms made known at sale.

HENRY C. ANTHONY,
Mortgagee.
6-13-3w

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

The Annual State Examinations for Teachers' Certificates will occur on MONDAY and TUESDAY, June 29 and 30, 1914, at the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence.

Provided six or more persons make application therefor before June 18, examination will also be held in each of the following places: Newport, Rogers High School; Woonsocket, High School; Westerly, High School; East Greenwich, Academy; North Scituate, Grammar School; but no examination will be held in any place for less than six applicants.

Examinations will begin each day promptly at 9 o'clock a. m.

On MONDAY examinations in Arithmetic English, Geography, History, Physiology, Reading and Spelling, for both Third and Fourth Grade Certificates.

On TUESDAY examinations in Professional Subjects for all grades.

Any person purposing to take the examinations for Third and Fourth Grade Certificates must, on or before June 22, notify the undersigned of the grade of certificate for which, and the place at which he intends to take the examination. Candidates for examination in professional subjects for First Grade Certificates must send application before June 8.

WALTER E. HANGER,
Secretary State Board of Education.
Box 4511, Providence. 6-6-3w.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To Frederick Hunt and all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by the said Frederick Hunt to Mary A. Dellois, dated November 14th, 1907, and recorded with Tiverton, R. I., Mortgaged Land Evidence, book 1, pages 488, 489, and duly assigned to Lillian Dellois Fox by assignment, dated May 16th, 1912, and recorded with Tiverton, R. I., Mortgaged Land Evidence, book 3, page 142, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold by public auction on the premises on MONDAY, June 22nd, 1914, at 4 o'clock p. m., the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows, viz:

A certain tract or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in North Tiverton, and bounded and described as follows, viz:

Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the lot to be described, thence Easterly by the Four Rod Way, so called, sixty (60) feet to land now or formerly of the Shove Mills; thence Southerly by land now or formerly of the Shove Mills, ninety (90) feet to other land now or formerly of the Shove Mills; thence Westerly by said last named land sixty (60) feet to Clement Street; thence Northerly by said Clement Street, ninety (90) feet to the point of beginning and containing nineteen and 78-100 (19.78) square rods of land, more or less.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

Terms at sale.

LILLIAN DEBLOIS FOX,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage. 5-30-3w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 29th, 1914.

Estate of Maurice S. Horgan.

WILLIAM H. HORGAN, Administrator of the estate of Maurice S. Horgan, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance and the same is received and referred to the fifteenth day of June next at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.
5-30-3w

Court of Probate Middletown, R. I., May 18, A. D. 1914.

Estate of Charles F. Chase.

DANIEL M. CHASE presents to this Court his petition, in writing, praying that himself, or some other suitable person, be appointed Administrator on the estate of his brother, Charles F. Chase, late of said Middletown, who died intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of June next, A. D. 1914, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk
5-23-4w

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, June 8th 1914.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the estate of HENRY MUMFORD ANTHONY, minor, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

6-8-3w LYDIA P. ANTHONY.